PLANET
COM
No. 50
SEPT.
10¢
"The Things of Xeres"
featuring AURO, LORD OF JUPITER
also LOST WORLD-MYSTA OF THE MOON
AND MANY OTHERS—

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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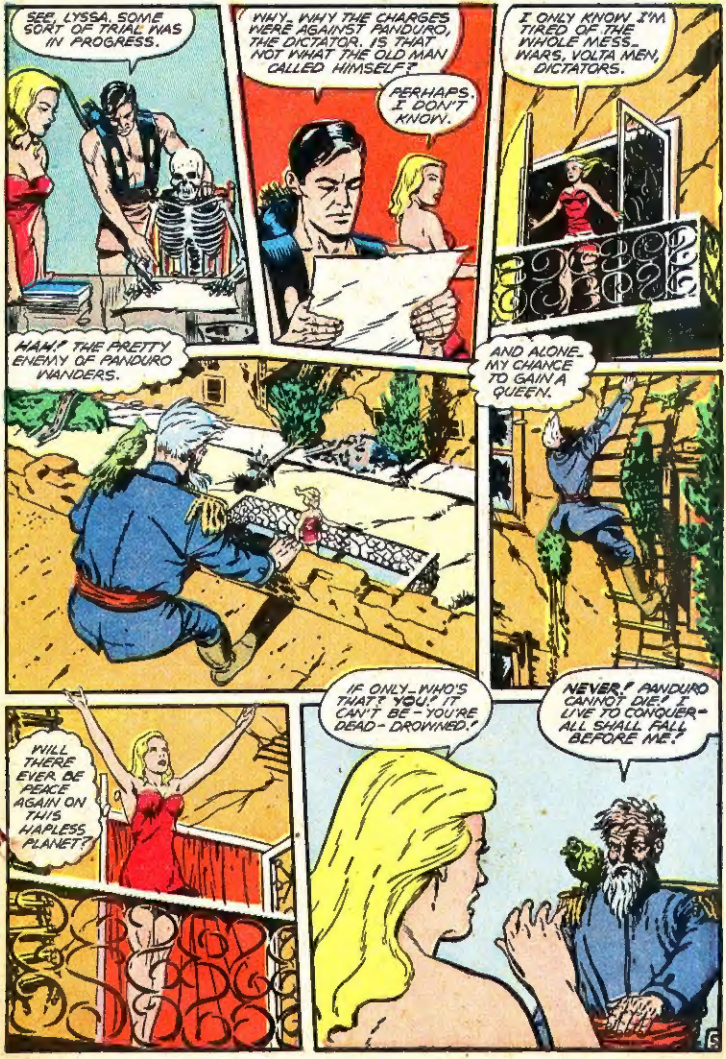
NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 51, NOV.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SEPT. 10th.

The LOST WORLD
by THORNECLIFF HERRICK
WHAT FAINT CHANCE REMAINS OF SMASHING VOLTA DOMINATION OF SHACKLED EARTH LIES IN UNITY. HENCE A DESPERATE ATTEMPT BY HUNT AND LYSSA TO RALLY THOSE FEW SURVIVORS WHO COWER SOMEWHERE IN THE RUINS OF A ONCE PROUD CIVILIZATION...
SCOFF IF YOU WILL, LYSSA, BUT POSTING THESE SIGNS MAY CAUSE PEOPLE TO CONTACT US.
BUT WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO, HUNT? WE'RE SO HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED.
TRUE. YET, EACH RECRUIT INCREASES THE HOPE OF EVENTUAL VICTORY!
VICTORY? NEVER IN OUR LIFE-TIMES.

PERHAPS NOT. STILL I SHALL EVER TRY TO FREE EARTH OF THE VOLTA SCOURGE.
EARTHLINGS CONTACT
I CANNOT- LISTEN, A VOICE!
IT HAS NOT A VOLTA INFLECTION, BUT STILL- COME, LYSSA!
HEAR ME, MY SUBJECTS. PANDURO SPEAKS!
AND SPEAKS TO YOU OF CONQUEST- I SHALL RULE THE WORLD. NONE SHALL OPPOSE ME! A NOISE. WHO DARES TO INTERRUPT PANDURO?
BACK- BACK, ASSASSIN!
HUNT WHAT BEAST IS THIS?
ONE OF THE CREATURES FREED FROM THE ZOO DURING THE INVASION CHAOS. ONE CHANCE TO SAVE THE OLD ONE!
2

HO! YOU SAVE PANDURO TO SLAY HIM BY YOUR OWN WEAPONS. BUT YOU WON'T. YOU WON'T!
WAIT! WAIT! WE ARE FRIENDS - FELLOW EARTHLINGS!
OH, HUNT, CAN'T YOU SEE HOW FUTILE IT ALL IS? EVERYONE'S SO FRIGHTENED. THE OLD MAN DROWNED RATHER THAN RISK WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS CAPTURE.
FOOLS! I'VE PLANNED TOO LONG TO BE FOILED BY STRIPLINGS.
AH, SO RANGTO, MY FAITHFUL PET, YOU TOO FIND THE SECRET CHAMBER. NOW WE SHALL FIND THE MEDDLING ONES. TO THEIR SORROW.
HAD BUT THE OLD ONE READ OUR SIGNS, PERHAPS.
HUNT, STOP MOONING! DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW EXPOSED THIS SPOT IS?
SUPPOSE THE VOLTA - LISTEN! SPACER MOTORS!
3

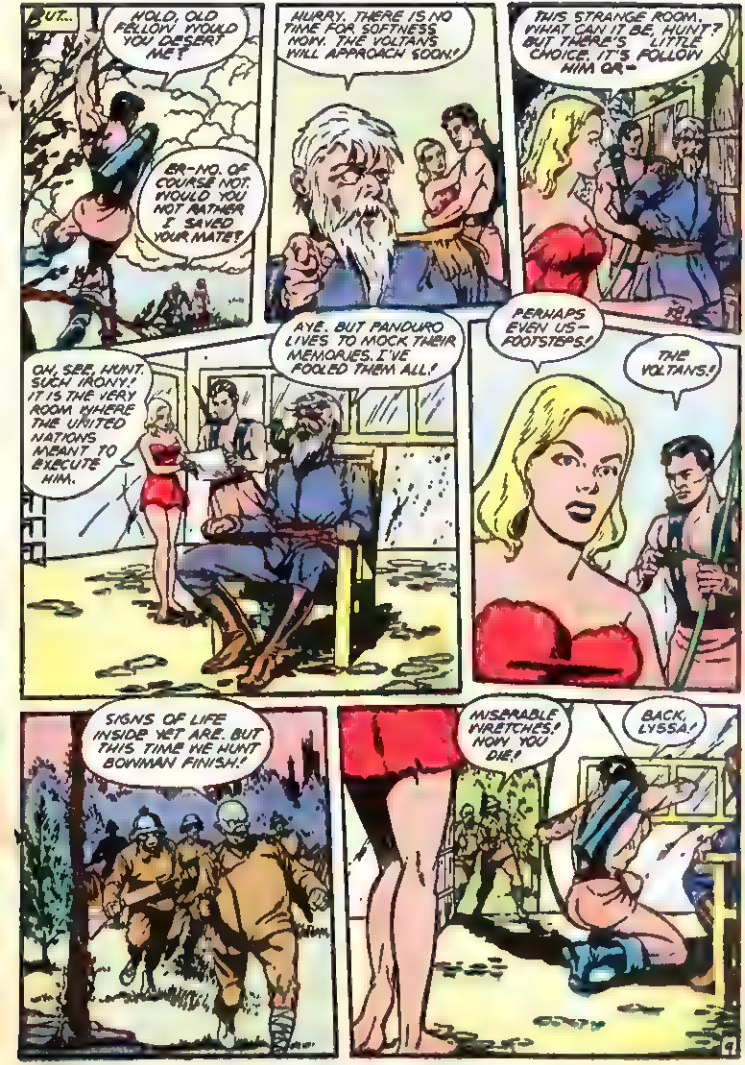
TOO DULL THIS ESTABLISHMENT OF WEATHER STATION IS. IF ONLY DIVERSION WE HAD.
NO MORE WE SEEK. TWO EARTH GRUBS SEE. GOOD SPORT TO STRAFE WILL BE.
IT'S USELESS, HUNT. WE CAN'T OUTRUN THEM.
BUT...
IDIOT! NO TIME TO WASTE WE HAVE! THE SHIPS AT ONCE TURN!
LOOK, HUNT, THEY'RE LEAVING...WHY, WHEN THEY HAD US TRAPPED?
THEIR PLANS MUST BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN OUR LIVES.
AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TO STOP THEM. BUT WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
LONG YEARS AGO WHEN EARTH WAS COMPOSED OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, THEY BANDED TOGETHER IN WHAT THEY CALLED THE UNITED NATIONS.
THEY HAD SOLVED THEIR PROBLEMS - AND THEN VOLTA INVADED!
AND JUST A FEW... OUR ANCESTORS... LIVED!

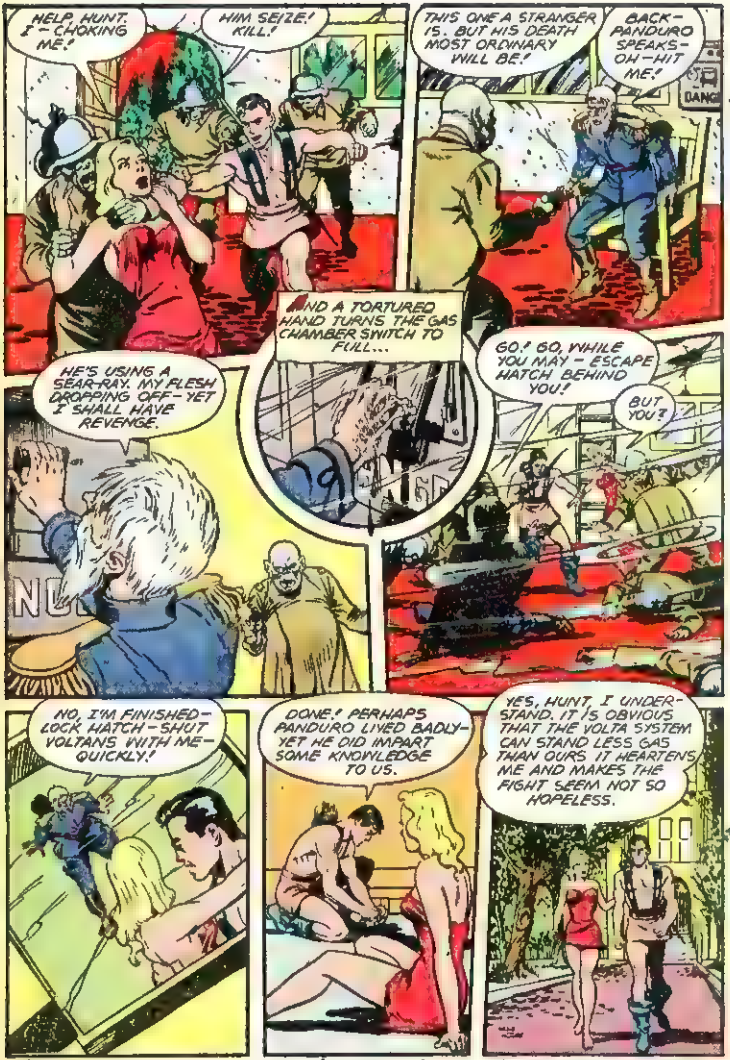

SEE, LYSSA, SOME SORT OF TRIAL WAS IN PROGRESS.
WHY, WHY THE CHARGES WERE AGAINST PANDURO, THE DICTATOR. IS THAT NOT WHAT THE OLD MAN CALLED HIMSELF?
PERHAPS. I DON'T KNOW.
I ONLY KNOW I'M TIRED OF THE WHOLE MESS... WARS, VOLTA MEN, DICTATORS.
HAH!' THE PRETTY ENEMY OF PANDURO WANDERS.
AND ALONE. MY CHANCE TO GAIN A QUEEN.
WILL THERE EVER BE PEACE AGAIN ON THIS HAPLESS PLANET?
IF ONLY--WHO'S THAT? YOU!' IT CAN'T BE--YOU'RE DEAD--DROWNED.'
NEVER!' PANDURO CANNOT DIE! I LIVE TO CONQUER--ALL SHALL FALL BEFORE ME.'

AS A DILIGENT VOLTA CREW WORKS FURIOUSLY TO ERECT STILL ANOTHER IN THE SERIES OF WEATHER OBSERVATION STATIONS.
THE COMMANDER. QUICK WHERE IS?
HERE! WHAT IT IS?
VIDEO REPORT! HUNT BOWMAN IN THIS SECTOR IS.
GOOD NEWS IS. HE WE CAPTURE WILL. WITH HIM DEAD BEING, PUNY EARTH RESISTENCE END DOES.
TO SPACERS HURRY. DIS-GUNS DISTRIBUTE.
MEANWHILE...
SCREAMS FROM THE BALCONY—LYSSA!
HUNT—HUNT. DON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME!
WHO DARES DEFY AANDURO?
I DO—AND TO CARRY OUT YOUR DEATH SENTENCE THE VOLTA INVASION KEPT MY ANCESTORS FROM EXECUTING!

VOLTA MEN-FOOL! DO NOT KILL ME- FOR I CAN HELP YOU CONQUER THEM. I AM HEIR TO MANY SECRETS.
PERHAPS HE'S RIGHT, HUNT. LET'S GIVE HIM A CHANCE.
SPOKEN WISELY. COME. FIRST I SHALL SHOW YOU MY OBSERVATION TOWER.
THE MAN COMPLICATES THINGS, BUT SOON-
HUSH, HUNT. DID YOU NOT SAY YOURSELF WE NEEDED EVERY POSSIBLE ALLY?
SEE, FRIENDS, OUT OF NOTHING I CREATED THIS ELEVATOR. IT IS BUT THE FIRST OF MY WONDERS.
AS...
LEAD SPACER TO SQUADRON: IN FOR LANDING.
AND...
QUICKLY, MOVE! PARALYO RAY SET UP. INDICATO-SCOPE HUMAN PRESENCE IN OLD BUILDINGS REVEALS.
ON RANGE WE ARE.
FIRE! IN MINUTE DEAD THEY WILL BE.

MEANWHILE...
HE DOES NOT LIE. THIS SCOPE—AS HE CALLS IT—WOULD BE OF GREAT SCOUTING VALUE.
HUNT, IT'S FASCINATING! YOU CAN SEE THE RUINS OF ALL NEW YORK. LET ME LOOK AGAIN.
SMOKE—FROM A CAMPFIRE! THERE ARE OTHERS OF US LIVING NEAR THAT ABANDONED BRIDGE!
YES, I SEE NOW—BUT WAIT, THAT NOISE—A PARALYO SHELL COMING THIS WAY!
LOOK! THE VOLTA MEN HAVE FOUND US.
BUT NOT FOR LONG—PANDURO SHALL SAVE HIS QUEEN—THIS EXIT!
HUNT—DON'T LEAVE HUNT!
NO TIME FOR HIM NOW!
8

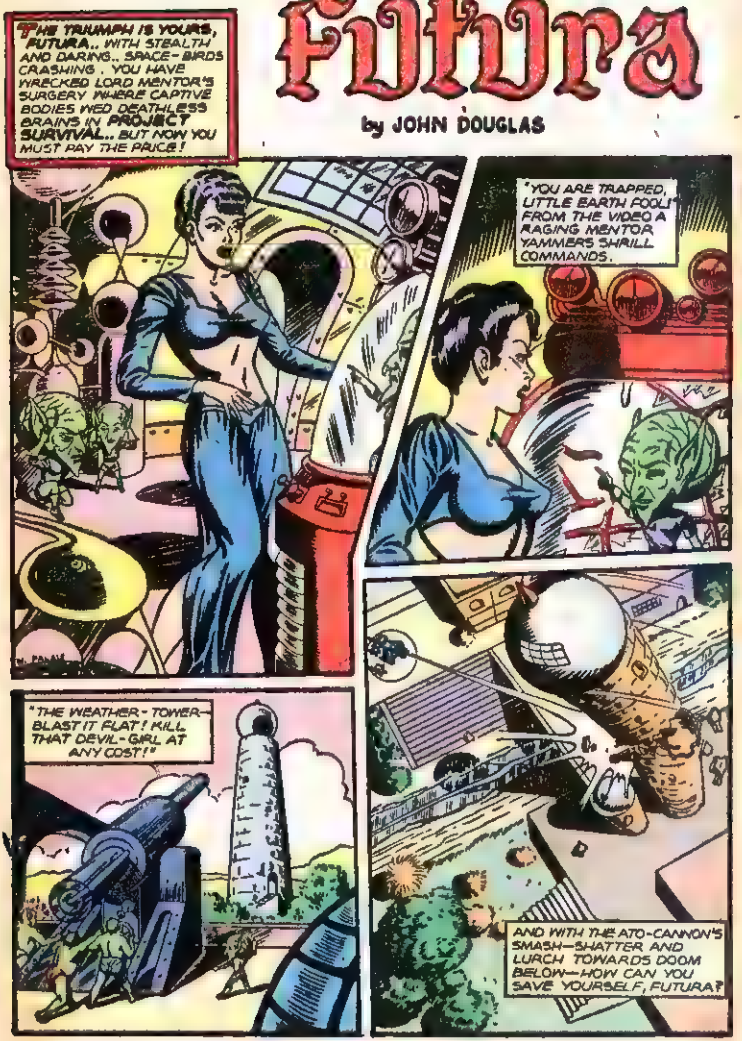

BUT..
HOLD, OLD FELLOW! WOULD YOU DESERT ME?
ER-NO, OF COURSE NOT. WOULD YOU NOT RATHER I SAVED YOUR MATE?
HURRY. THERE IS NO TIME FOR SOFTNESS NOW. THE VOLTANS WILL APPROACH SOON!
THIS STRANGE ROOM. WHAT CAN IT BE, HUNT? BUT THERE'S LITTLE CHOICE. IT'S FOLLOW HIM OR-
OH, SEE, HUNT. SUCH IRONY! IT IS THE VERY ROOM WHERE THE UNITED NATIONS MEANT TO EXECUTE HIM.
AYE. BUT PANDURO LIVES TO MOCK THEIR MEMORIES. I'VE FOOLED THEM ALL!
PERHAPS EVEN US- FOOTSTEPS!
THE VOLTANS!
SIGNS OF LIFE INSIDE YET ARE. BUT THIS TIME WE HUNT BOWMAN FINISH!
MISERABLE WRETCHES! NOW YOU DIE!
BACK, LYSSA!

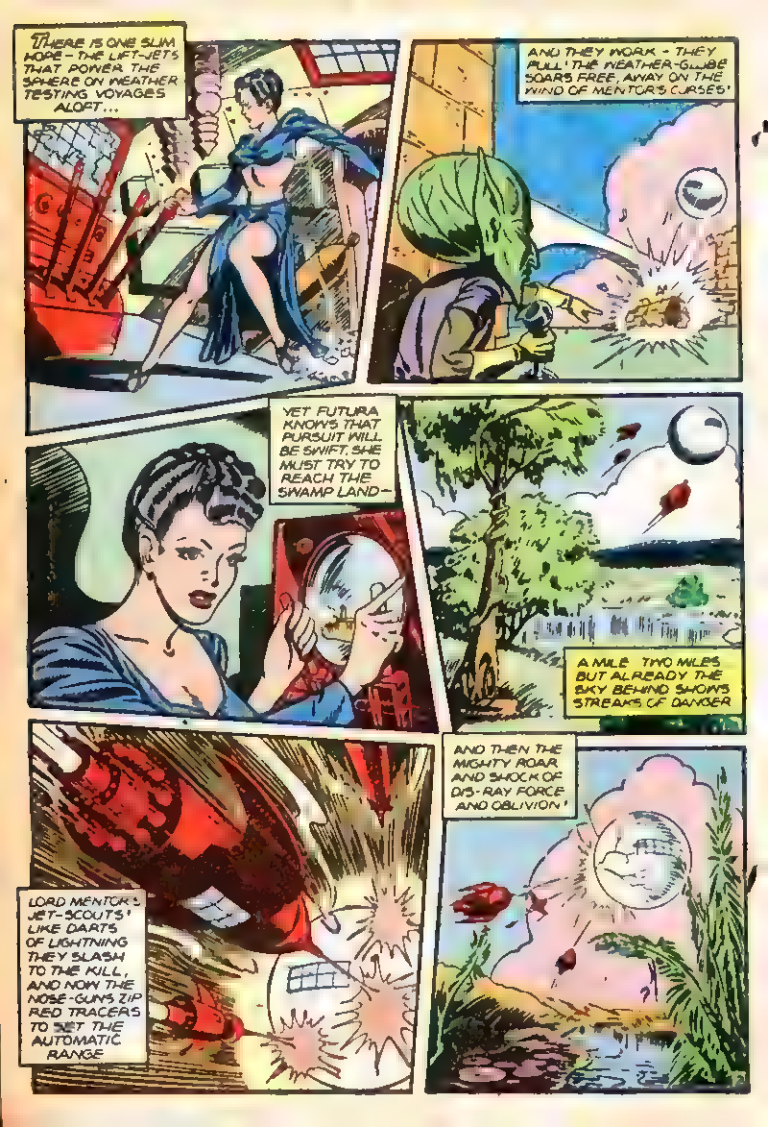

HELP, HUNT, I – CHOKING ME!
HIM SEIZE! KILL!
THIS ONE A STRANGER IS.. BUT HIS DEATH MOST ORDINARY WILL BE!
BACK – PANDURO SPEAKS – OH – HIT ME!
BANG
AND A TORTURED HAND TURNS THE GAS CHAMBER SWITCH TO FULL...
HE'S USING A SEAR-RAY. MY FLESH DROPPING OFF – YET I SHALL HAVE REVENGE.
GO! GO, WHILE YOU MAY – ESCAPE HATCH BEHIND YOU!
BUT YOU?
NO, I'M FINISHED – LOCK HATCH – SHUT VOLTANS WITH ME – QUICKLY!
DONE! PERHAPS PANDURO LIVED BADLY – YET HE DID IMPART SOME KNOWLEDGE TO US.
YES, HUNT, I UNDERSTAND. IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THE VOLTA SYSTEM CAN STAND LESS GAS THAN OURS. IT HEARTENS ME AND MAKES THE FIGHT SEEM NOT SO HOPELESS.

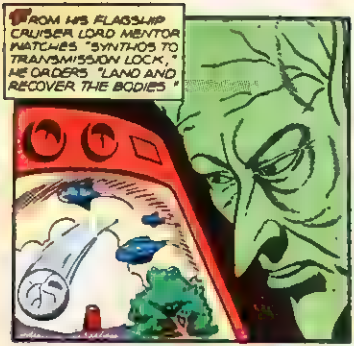
The LOST WORLD appears in every issue of PLANET COMICS!

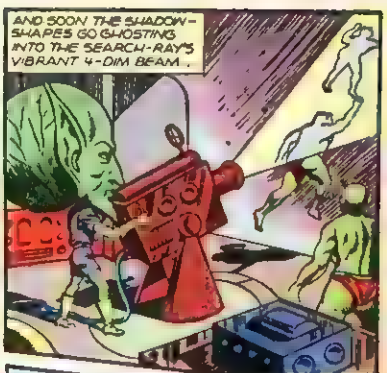
Futura

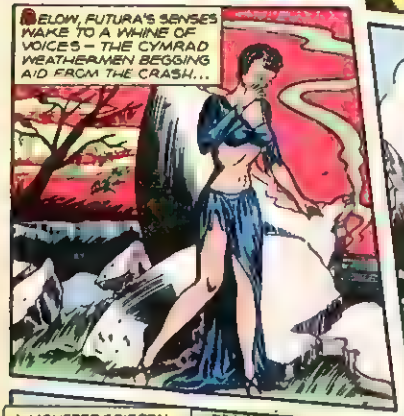
by JOHN DOUGLAS

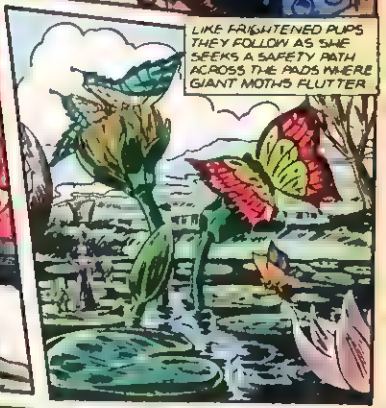

THE TRIUMPH IS YOURS, FUTURA.. WITH STEALTH AND DARING.. SPACE-BIRDS CRASHING.. YOU HAVE WRECKED LORD MENTOR'S SURGERY WHERE CAPTIVE BODIES WED DEATHLESS BRAINS IN PROJECT SURVIVAL... BUT NOW YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE!
"YOU ARE TRAPPED, LITTLE EARTH FOOL!" FROM THE VIDEO A RAGING MENTOR YAMMERS SHRILL COMMANDS.
"THE WEATHER-TOWER- BLAST IT FLAT! KILL THAT DEVIL-GIRL AT ANY COST!"
AND WITH THE ATO-CANNON'S SMASH—SHATTER AND LURCH TOWARDS DOOM BELOW—HOW CAN YOU SAVE YOURSELF, FUTURA?

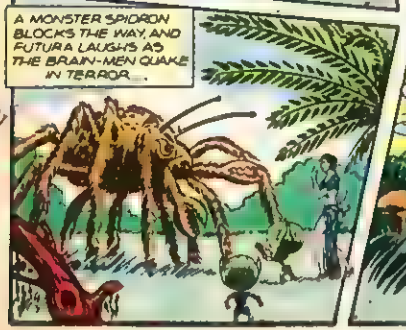

THERE IS ONE SLIM HOPE - THE LIFT-JETS THAT POWER THE SPHERE ON WEATHER TESTING VOYAGES ALOFT...
AND THEY WORK - THEY PULL THE WEATHER-GLOBE SOARS FREE, AWAY ON THE WIND OF MENTOR'S CURSES!
YET FUTURA KNOWS THAT PURSUIT WILL BE SWIFT, SHE MUST TRY TO REACH THE SWAMP LAND-
A MILE TWO MILES, BUT ALREADY THE SKY BEHIND SHOWS STREAMS OF DANGER
LORD MENTOR'S JET-SCOUTS' LIKE DARTS OF LIGHTNING THEY SLASH TO THE KILL, AND NOW THE NOSE-GUNS ZIP RED TRACERS TO SET THE AUTOMATIC RANGE
AND THEN THE MIGHTY ROAR AND SHOCK OF DIS-RAY FORCE AND OBLIVION!

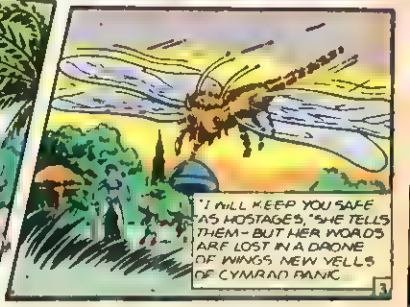

FROM HIS FLAGSHIP CRUISER LORD MENTOR WATCHES "SYNTHOS TO TRANSMISSION LOCK," HE ORDERS "LAND AND RECOVER THE BODIES"


AND SOON THE SHADOW-SHAPES GO GHOSTING INTO THE SEARCH-RAY'S VIBRANT 4-DIM BEAM.


BELOW, FUTURA'S SENSES WAKE TO A WHINE OF VOICES — THE CYMRAD WEATHERMEN BEGGING AID FROM THE CRASH...


LIKE FRIGHTENED PUPS THEY FOLLOW AS SHE SEEKS A SAFETY PATH ACROSS THE PADS WHERE GIANT MOTHS FLUTTER


A MONSTER SPIDRON BLOCKS THE WAY, AND FUTURA LAUGHS AS THE BRAIN-MEN QUAKE IN TERROR...

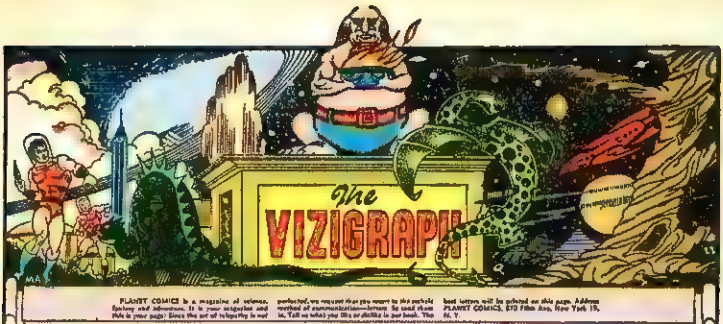

"I WILL KEEP YOU SAFE AS HOSTAGES," SHE TELLS THEM — BUT HER WORDS ARE LOST IN A DRONE OF WINGS, NEW YELLS OF CYMRAD PANIC

FLASH OF DIS-GUN AND HAIRY SHAPE CRUMPLING.. BUT EVEN FUTURA'S NERVES IS SHAKEN BY THE SWIFT ATTACK AND CLOSE ESCAPE..
WITH NIGHTFALL NEAR, THEY NEED HIGH SHELTER. "CLIMB, HOSTAGES!" SHE ORDERS
MEANWHILE, THE SHADOW-MANNED SEARCH RAYS ARE SHROUDING KANTER IN THE HUNT..
SYNTHO-GHOSTS AS THIN AS AIR, BUT AS STRONG AS APES — ROBOTS CONTROLLED BY MENTOR'S MIND..
NOW THEY HALT FOR A FROZEN INSTANT. BEYOND THEM A VOICE CRIES OUT: "THE MUD BELOW — IT RISES UP! AND LOOK — LOOK!"
FROM THE OOZE OF THE SWAMP IT EMERGES — A MOUNTAIN OF HUNGRY HORROR ON THE PROWL!

EVEN ON THE VIZO-PANEL, THE SIGHT SHOCKS MENTOR'S HEART.. HE GASPS, HE STAGGERS -- HIS BRAIN A-SWIRL..
AND HIS SYNTHOS STAND LAX AS THE MASTER BRAIN SAGS FEEBLY, FAINTING
THE MOTHS OF THE SWAMP RISE UP IN SWARMS AS THE SNORTING BEHEMOTH CHARGES FUTURA'S TREE-LAIR .
AMAZINGLY, THE FRAIL WINGS DASH AGAINST THE MONSTER HEAD -
AND THEN, IN THE VERY JAWS OF DOOM, A STILL GREATER AMAZEMENT.. FOR WITH A SHUDDER THE TREE COMES ALIVE!
ALIVE WITH A FLING OF TRUNK AND BRANCH.. ALIVE WITH A BLUSTER OF TEMPEST-TOSSED RAGE TO HURL MAD ATTACK AT THE ATTACKER!

SOUND AND FURY BEYOND BELIEF WHILE A STUNNED FUTURA CRAWLS THE QUAKING MUCK..
AND THEN HER BIG-GUN SHOOTING FAST, SHOOTING HOT AGAIN AND AGAIN..
THEN A THRASH - A MIGHTY BLOW - AND NOTHINGNESS.
PERHAPS THE REST IS A DREAM - THE SINGING VOICES AND THE SOFT BRIGHT WINGS ABOVE.
PERHAPS IT'S DELIRIUM - BUT NO! THE BOUGH THAT CLINGS AND LIFTS HER GENTLY IS STRONG WITH REALITY.
AND SO IS THE HUMAN FACE SHE SEES - THE SINGING VOICE SHE HEARS: "BE AT PEACE, STRANGER, FOR WE SHALL KEEP YOU AND CARE FOR YOU."

FUTURA IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!



PLANET COMICS is a magazine of science fantasy and adventure. It is your magazine and this is your page. Since the art of telepathy is not perfected, we request that you report to this periodic method of communication—known to most since 1st. Tell us what you like or dislike in our book. The best letters will be printed on this page. Address PLANET COMICS, 570 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

This VIZIGRAPH is quite a brainstorm. It's not often a reader (and future artist, I hope), gets a chance to sling criticisms and suggestions at a magaz ne.

Your art work, as far as I can see in this January issue, No 46, except for a couple of details, is strictly solid. Pop this question at Hugh Fitzhugh, in your Space Rangers story, why did Flint Baker, Vaigo, and Hero have to wear oxo-helmets on Therma, yet Lutra, (the babe), didn't?

I also agree with another reader that Mysta is a void coupon, and that Ross Gallun should improve the situation. However, as a whole, you have a wonderful staff of artists.

Clyde Heron
Ardmore, Oklahoma

Dear Clyde:

Many thanks for your interest in Space Rangers, but if you check your copy again you'll find that Lutra spec fically states that she had been on Therma long enough to build up a resistance to the deadly gases.

Sincerely,
Hugh Fitzhugh

Dear Editor:

Please drop Star Pirate on Pluto and never bring him back. His stories are more like gangster stories than science fiction. Mysta of the Moon is excellent. I would like to read more stories of our solar system being attacked by races from other galaxies, as one gets tired of the stories that concern our solar system alone.

Yours till comets turn to cough drops,

Geoffrey Williams
Germiston, Transvaal
S. Africa

Dear Editor:

Once again the keeper has left my cage unlocked. I slyly creep out, glancing hither and yon, to make sure I am not observed. Snatching a tricycle from a little brat, I peddle furiously to the newsstand. I grab it, shove a dime into the newsdog's face, and start home.

Back in my cage, I glance at the cover of my precious No. 46 PLANET. EEEEK! Why not have a cover describing a scene in Futura or Star Pirate, etc.? Why don't you start a new serial? Lost World is getting boring. Star Pirate is my favorite, but the legs on them gals—gulp. Why must Mysta's hair be white. Make her a red-head. In one issue she was blondie, in another white—soon she'll be bald. Aura, oh, well—he'll do to take up some pages. (P. U.)

Irwin Segel
Cell 23
Staten Island

Dear Irwin:

Mysta's hair has turned white over a period of time because of the rarified atmosphere she lives in constantly on the moon. However, thanks for your interest in the strip.

Very truly yours,
Ross Gallun

Dear Sir:

I think that Aura and Futura are both good, but why don't you use Aura's girl more in it? Why don't you have her fighting the villains of space with him? Dorna would make a good fighter. What you need is a girl made of rubber to fight the gangsters of the skies. She'd be able to stand all those ray guns and crazy weapons. I doubt if you will consider my idea, but I wish you would try it. I suppose kids are always sending you wild ideas like this, but gee, it would be swell if you'd try it. The girls in the comic books need more figure, and this girl could have it because she could stretch every which way.

Earle Tompkins
Easthampton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

A few issues back you published a short about a visit to Pluto. Now how is it possible for it to snow on a planet 3,665,000,000 miles away from the sun wh ch apparently receives l ttle or no heat? With the temperature as frigid as it is on Pluto, all the water must be in its solid state. (Ice.) With the liquid in this state, how is it possible for the process of evaporation and condensation to be carried on?

Albert Wiesman
Washington, D. C.

Dear Albert:

Water alone is not a necessary ingredient of snow. There is carbon dioxide snow, acetylene snow, and others. Snow on Pluto is composed of those liquids with a sufficiently low boiling point to undergo evaporation and condensation within the planet's temperature limits.

Sincerely,
The Editor

Dear Editor:

Lost World is rather boring. The Venusians were a good idea . . . how about more like them? But can't there be some way of getting rid of the Voltamen? If so, do t—please!

Futura—well, need t say more? Hubba hubba! Some romance in the future would improve the story. She's smart, but don't let her get a very dumb guy she's got to rescue all the t me.

Future Facts is very interesting. Please give us more things that could really happen.

I like the VIZI—it is usually very funny.

Mysta is so totally impossible. Get rid of her. Thought image—phoooeey! It stinks.

Star Pirate is okay, but he's a little muscle-bound, don't you think?

Grace Clam
Inglewood, Calif.

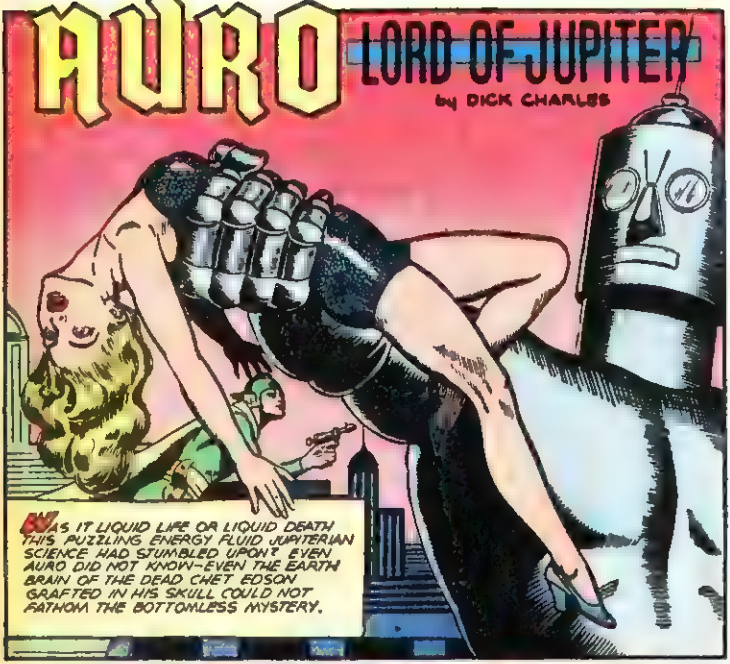
Dear Sirs:

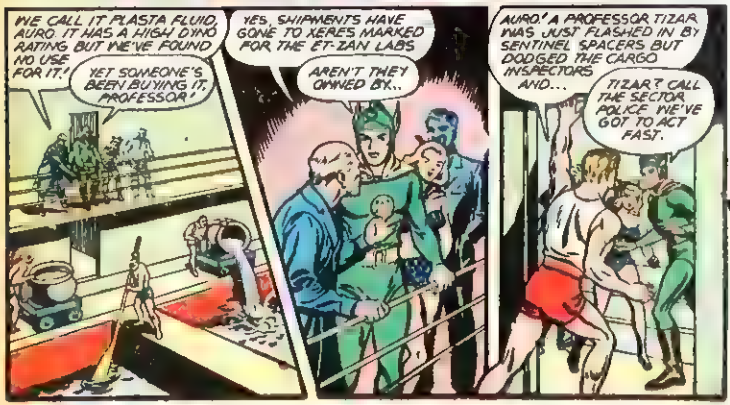
Being a PLANET Comics fan from way back, I find it hard to understand how so many fellow-readers think that one magazine can suit everyone's taste. I honestly believe that about 80% of the readers, (inc ud ng myself,) would be satisfied if you left the book a one.

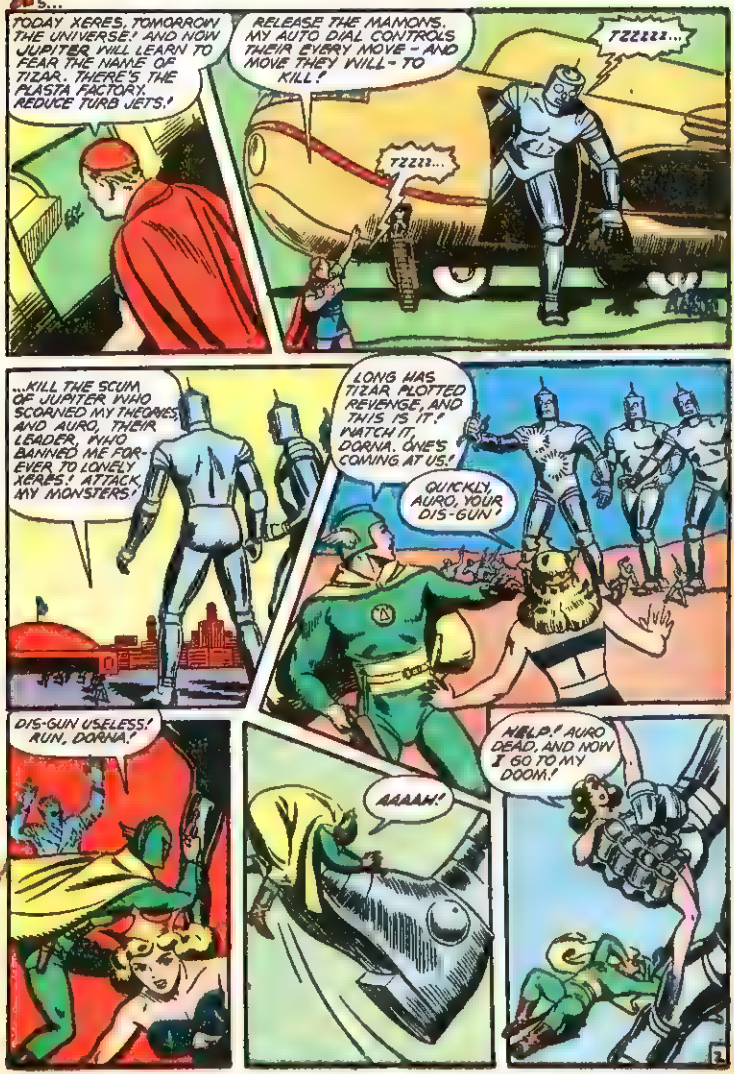
Dick Simmons
Worcester, Mass.

AURO LORD OF JUPITER

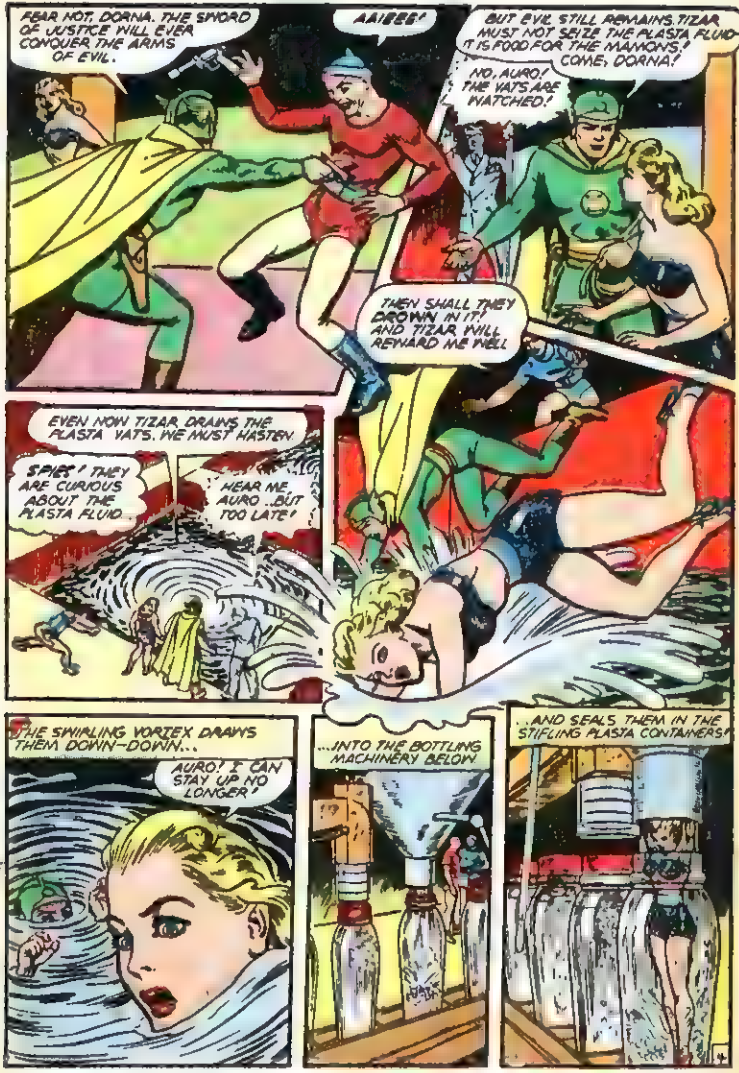
by DICK CHARLES

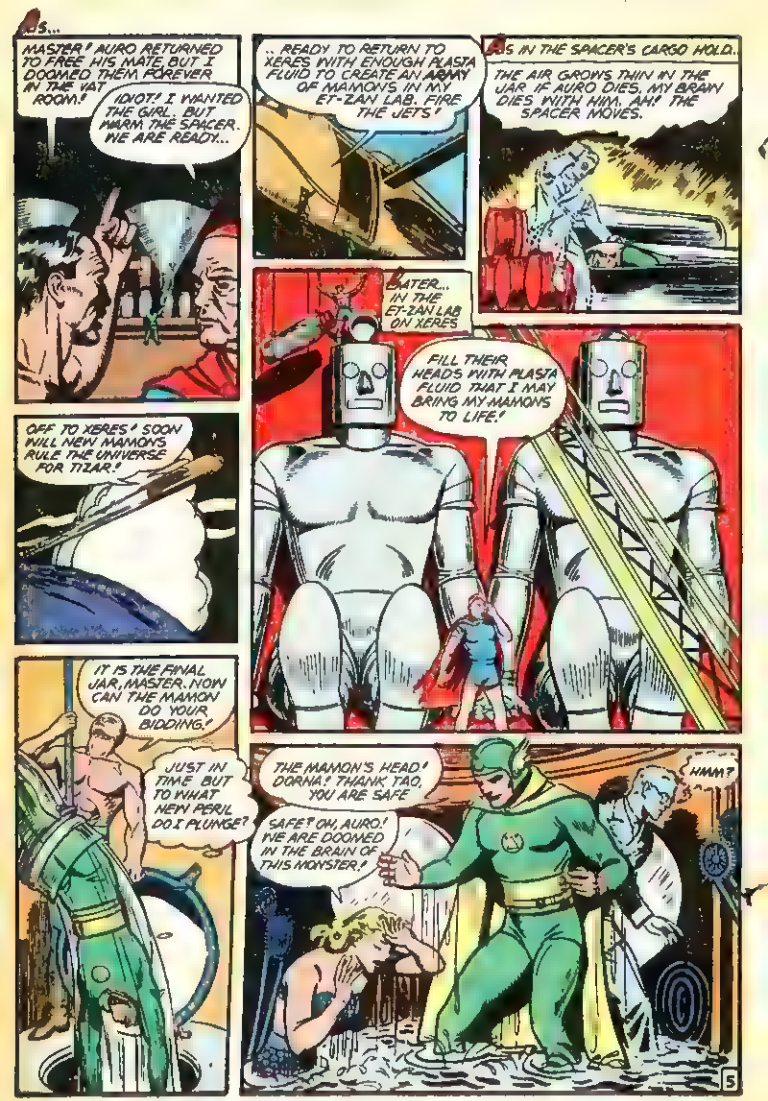

WAS IT LIQUID LIFE OR LIQUID DEATH THIS PUZZLING ENERGY FLUID JUPITERIAN SCIENCE HAD STUMBLED UPON? EVEN AURO DID NOT KNOW—EVEN THE EARTH BRAIN OF THE DEAD CHET EDSON GRAFTED IN HIS SKULL COULD NOT FATHOM THE BOTTOMLESS MYSTERY.

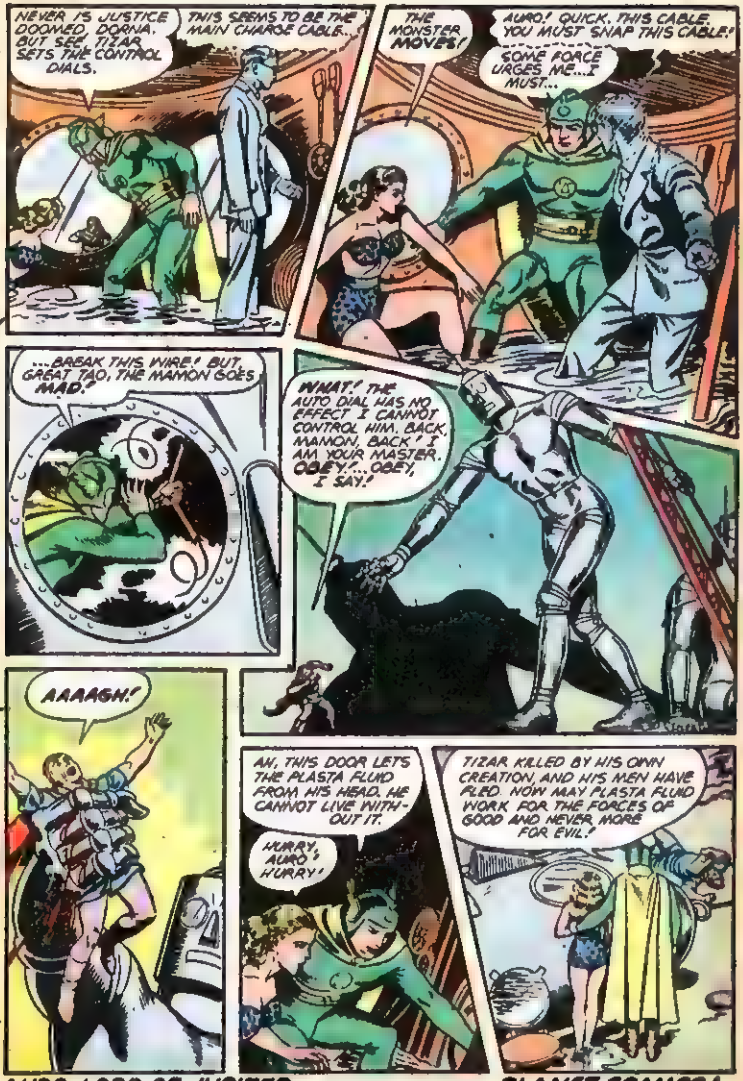

WE CALL IT PLASTA FLUID AURO. IT HAS A HIGH OKNO RATING BUT WE'VE FOUND NO USE FOR IT!
YET SOMEONE'S BEEN BUYING IT, PROFESSOR!
YES, SHIPMENTS HAVE GONE TO KERES MARKED FOR THE ET-ZAN LABS
AREN'T THEY OWNED BY...
AURO! A PROFESSOR TIZAR WAS JUST FLASHED IN BY SENTINEL SPACERS BUT DODGED THE CARGO INSPECTORS AND...
TIZAR? CALL THE SECTOR POLICE WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST.


TODAY XERES, TOMORROW THE UNIVERSE! AND NOW JUPITER WILL LEARN TO FEAR THE NAME OF TIZAR. THERE'S THE PLASTA FACTORY. REDUCE TURB JETS!
RELEASE THE MAMONS. MY AUTO DIAL CONTROLS THEIR EVERY MOVE - AND MOVE THEY WILL - TO KILL!
TZZZZZ...
TZZZZ...
...KILL THE SCUM OF JUPITER WHO SCORNED MY THEORIES, AND AURO, THEIR LEADER, WHO BANNED ME FOREVER TO LONELY XERES! ATTACK, MY MONSTERS!
LONG HAS TIZAR PLOTTED REVENGE, AND THIS IS IT! WATCH IT, DORNA. ONE'S COMING AT US!
QUICKLY, AURO, YOUR DIS-GUN!
DIS-GUN USELESS! RUN, DORNA!
AAAAH!
HELP! AURO DEAD, AND NOW I GO TO MY DOOM!

LATER...
HMM. WHAT'S THIS? THE MONSTER LEFT A TRAIL, AURO? LOOK THE GROUND...
OH, MY HEAD! SOMETHING IMPELS ME TO TURN. WHY THAT LIQUID...IT LOOKS LIKE...
IT IS! PLASTA FLUID! IT LEADS TOWARD THE FACTORY. AND THERE AHEAD...
A MONSTER! DEAD! AND PLASTA FLUID LEAKING FROM HIS HEAD. SO THAT IS HOW THEY LIVE!
THE ONE THAT SEIZED DORNA HASTE! AURO, TO THE PLASTA FACTORY. DORNA IS IN PERIL...GREAT PERIL!
WHILE...
AURO'S TRAITE! BUT NOW THE MATE OF TIZAR, YOU WILL RETURN TO XERES WITH ME, DORNA GUARD!
NEVER, TIZAR. NEVER!
WATCH HER WITH YOUR LIFE WHILE I LOAD THE PLASTA FLUID ON THE SPACER. IT MUST ALL BE BOTTLED FIRST.
AYE, MASTER. YOUR WILL SHALL BE DONE.
SOON...
WHA...! WHO DARES OPPOSE THE WILL OF TIZAR?
MY AURO! ALIVE!
ALIVE...BUT NOT FOR LONG. DEATH IS THE DECREE FOR ENEMIES OF TIZAR!
NO! NO!
3

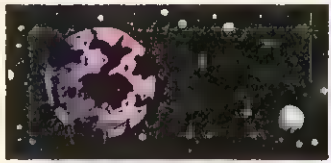

FEAR NOT, DORNA. THE SWORD OF JUSTICE WILL EVER CONQUER THE ARMS OF EVIL.
AAIEEE!
BUT EVIL STILL REMAINS. TIZAR MUST NOT SEIZE THE PLASTA FLUID— IT IS FOOD FOR THE MANONS! COME, DORNA!
NO, AURO! THE VATS ARE WATCHED!
THEN SHALL THEY DROWN IN IT! AND TIZAR WILL REWARD ME WELL
EVEN NOW TIZAR DRAINS THE PLASTA VATS. WE MUST HASTEN.
SPIES! THEY ARE CURIOUS ABOUT THE PLASTA FLUID..
HEAR ME AURO..BUT TOO LATE!
THE SWIRLING VORTEX DRAWS THEM DOWN—DOWN...
AURO! I CAN STAY UP NO LONGER!
...INTO THE BOTTLING MACHINERY BELOW
..AND SEALS THEM IN THE STIFLING PLASTA CONTAINERS!


...
MASTER! AURO RETURNED TO FREE HIS MATE, BUT I DOOMED THEM FOREVER IN THE VAT ROOM!
IDIOT! I WANTED THE GIRL, BUT HARM THE SPACER. WE ARE READY...
.. READY TO RETURN TO XERES WITH ENOUGH PLASTA FLUID TO CREATE AN ARMY OF MAMONS IN MY ET-ZAN LAB. FIRE THE JETS!
...IS IN THE SPACER'S CARGO HOLD..
THE AIR GROWS THIN IN THE JAR. IF AURO DIES, MY BRAIN DIES WITH HIM. AH! THE SPACER MOVES.
LATER... IN THE ET-ZAN LAB ON XERES
FILL THEIR HEADS WITH PLASTA FLUID THAT I MAY BRING MY MAMONS TO LIFE!
OFF TO XERES! SOON WILL NEW MAMONS RULE THE UNIVERSE FOR TIZAR!
IT IS THE FINAL JAR, MASTER. NOW CAN THE MAMON DO YOUR BIDDING?
JUST IN TIME BUT TO WHAT NEW PERIL DO I PLUNGE?
THE MAMON'S HEAD! DORNA! THANK TAO, YOU ARE SAFE
SAFE? OH, AURO! WE ARE DOOMED IN THE BRAIN OF THIS MONSTER!
HMM?
5


NEVER IS JUSTICE DOOMED, DORNIA. BUT SEE, TIZAR SETS THE CONTROL DIALS.
THIS SEEMS TO BE THE MAIN CHARGE CABLE...
THE MONSTER MOVES!
AURO! QUICK, THIS CABLE YOU MUST SNAP THIS CABLE!
SOME FORCE URGES ME...I MUST...
...BREAK THIS WIRE! BUT, GREAT TAO, THE MAMON GOES MAD!
WHAT! THE AUTO DIAL HAS NO EFFECT I CANNOT CONTROL HIM. BACK, MAMON, BACK! I AM YOUR MASTER. OBEY!...OBEY, I SAY!
AAAAGH!
AH, THIS DOOR LETS THE PLASTA FLUID FROM HIS HEAD. HE CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT IT.
HURRY, AURO, HURRY!
TIZAR KILLED BY HIS OWN CREATION, AND HIS MEN HAVE FLED. NOW MAY PLASTA FLUID WORK FOR THE FORCES OF GOOD AND NEVER MORE FOR EVIL!

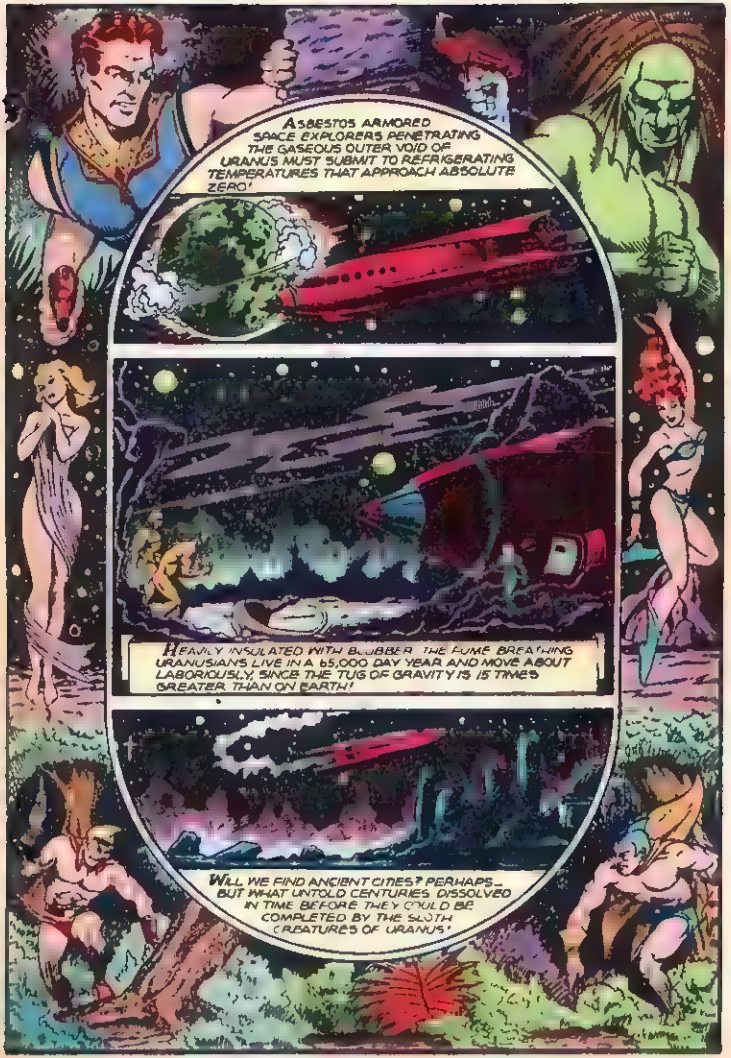
AURO, LORD OF JUPITER, APPEARS IN EVERY **PLANET COMICS!**

Life on other Worlds



URANUS

DISCOVERED BY THE BRITISH ASTRONOMER, SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, IN 1781, URANUS WAS FIRST SEEN AS A NEBULOUS DISC, SLOWLY MOVING AMONG ITS SATELLITES. ARIEL, UMBRIEL, TITANIA, AND OBERON. 1,782,800,000 MILES DISTANT FROM THE SUN, URANUS GLEAMS AS A STAR SLIGHTLY BRIGHTER THAN THE SIXTH MAGNITUDE, AND CAN, AT TIMES, BE SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE!

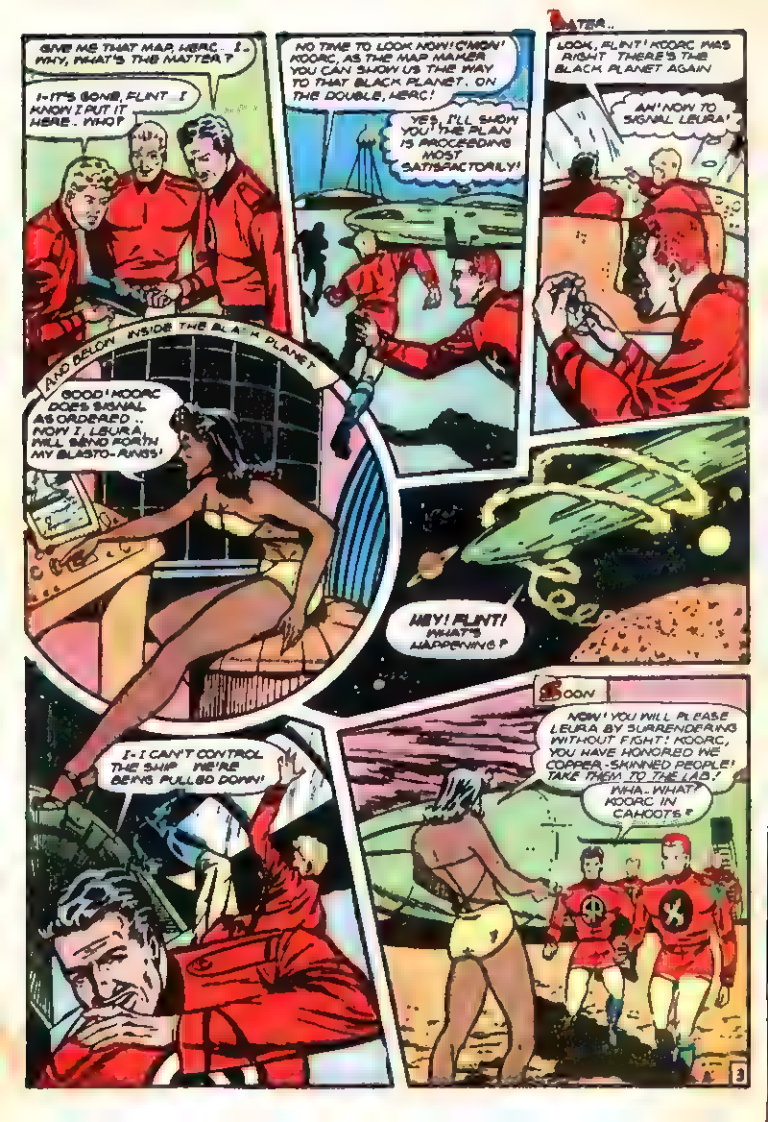

ASBESTOS ARMORED SPACE EXPLORERS PENETRATING THE GASEOUS OUTER VOID OF URANUS MUST SUBMIT TO REFRIGERATING TEMPERATURES THAT APPROACH ABSOLUTE ZERO!
HEAVILY INSULATED WITH BUBBER THE FUME BREATHING URANUSIANS LIVE IN A 65,000 DAY YEAR AND MOVE ABOUT LABORIOUSLY SINCE THE TUG OF GRAVITY IS 15 TIMES GREATER THAN ON EARTH!
WILL WE FIND ANCIENT CITIES? PERHAPS... BUT WHAT UNTOLD CENTURIES DISSOLVED IN TIME BEFORE THEY COULD BE COMPLETED BY THE SLOTH CREATURES OF URANUS!

SPACE RANGERS

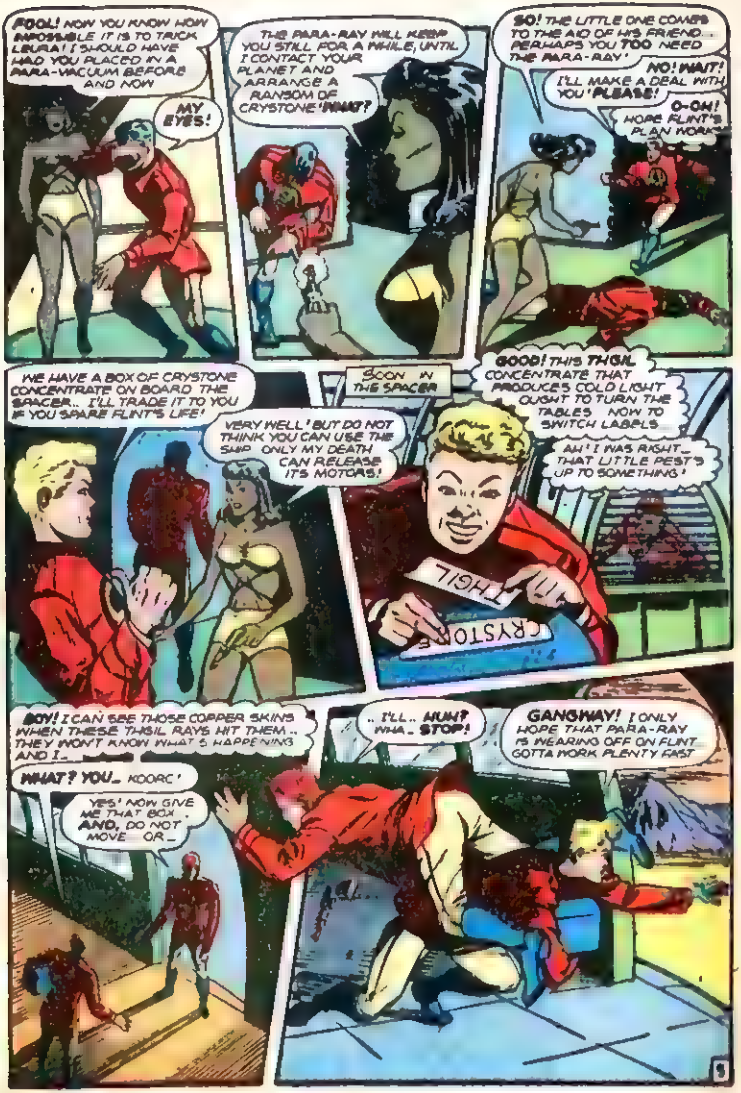
by HUGH FITZHUGH

THE BLACK PLANET— WHAT IT WAS, WHO LIVED ON IT... THESE WERE ALL QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY THE TERRA MAP INSTITUTE... AND SO IT WAS THAT RANGER FLINT BAKER AND HIS JUNIOR AIDE, HERC, WERE RACING THROUGH SPACE TOWARD TERRA... EAGER TO CHECK THE FACTS ON THIS LATEST DISCOVERY...
I SURE AM GLAD YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO HELP MAP THAT BLACK PLANET, KOORC! EH, FLINT?
RIGHT YOU ARE, HERC... I ONLY HOPE THE INSTITUTE CAN HELP US...
I FEEL SURE THEY CAN, BAKER. LOOK! THERE BELOW!
YEAH, KOORC... A HUGE CROWD AT THAT SPACER. I WONDER WHAT'S UP, FLINT!
WE'LL SOON KNOW, HERC... HOLD TIGHT... ROCKETS OFF, AERO-BALLAST AT TWO GRADES... READY FOR LANDING!

SOON...
HERE, HERC. HOLD ONTO THE MAP UNTIL WE SEE WHAT'S GOING ON AT THAT SPACER I SEE THE VICEROY OVER THERE
CHECK, FLINT! C'MON, KOORC, LET'S GO!
YES, VICEROY... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... WE.
HOLD IT A MINUTE, CAPTAIN! HERE'S FLINT BAKER - I WANT HIM TO HEAR THIS TOO!
WELL, SIR, WE WERE ON OUR WAY BACK TO TERRA WITH THE LOAD OF CRYSTONE... I SHOULD SAY WE WERE IN ASTRO LANE NINE... WHEN...
"SUDDENLY, THE CONTROL ROOM WAS THROWN INTO A PANIC!"
T-THE AIR! I-I CAN'T BREATHE!
OXO-HELMETS, IMMEDIATELY. OH! TOO LATE!
"THE STRANGE MIST OVERCAME US BEFORE WE COULD GET TO OUR HELMETS THEN, I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LATER"
WHA- WHAT? CAPTAIN... THE CRYSTONE'S GONE!
.. AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW.. NOTHING ELSE WAS TOUCHED, BUT EVERY CRATE OF CRYSTONE DISAPPEARED WHILE WE FOGGED OUT. I REMEMBER HAVING NOTICED WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A NEW PLANET RIGHT BEFORE US, BUT I WAS WRONG!
NEW PLANET! HEY! I THINK I'VE GOT IT!
OH, NO YOU HAVEN'T, BAKER, I HAVE. MY, WHAT A SIMPLE THEFT!
2


GIVE ME THAT MAP, HERC... I- WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I-IT'S GONE, FLINT! I KNOW I PUT IT HERE. WHO?
NO TIME TO LOOK NOW! C'MON! KOORC, AS THE MAP MAKER YOU CAN SHOW US THE WAY TO THAT BLACK PLANET. ON THE DOUBLE, HERC!
YES, I'LL SHOW YOU! THE PLAN IS PROCEEDING MOST SATISFACTORILY!
LATER...
LOOK, FLINT! KOORC WAS RIGHT! THERE'S THE BLACK PLANET AGAIN!
AN' NOW TO SIGNAL LEURA!
AND BELOW, INSIDE THE BLACK PLANET
GOOD! KOORC DOES SIGNAL AS ORDERED... NOW I, LEURA, WILL SEND FORTH MY BLASTO-RAYS!
HEY! FLINT! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I-I CAN'T CONTROL THE SHIP! WE'RE BEING PULLED DOWN!
SOON
NOW! YOU WILL PLEASE LEURA BY SURRENDERING WITHOUT FIGHT! KOORC, YOU HAVE HONORED WE COPPER-SKINNED PEOPLE! TAKE THEM TO THE LAB!
WHA..WHAT? KOORC IN CAHOOTS?
3

WAIT! YOU, YOU'RE LEURA! YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE WERE BANISHED FROM TERRA FOR INHUMAN EXPERIMENTS IN CHANGING BODIES TO COPPER...
YES, WE WERE SENT INTO SPACE TO DIE BUT WE FOUND CRYSTONE WAS THE ONE AND ONLY THING WE NEEDED FOR SURVIVAL... BUT NOW OUR CRYSTONE SUPPLY IS DWINDLING. HOWEVER
...FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT I WILL DEMONSTRATE HOW CRYSTONE RAYS AFFECT A HUMAN BODY, NOT TREATED AS WE ARE IN COPPER. YOUR CREWMAN, HERE, WILL BE THE PERFECT VICTIM! PROCEED, ROCNAR!
OBSERVE! THE TERRAN IS CHARRED TO CINDERS REVENGE HAS COME TO LEURA AT LAST. NOW FOR THE YOUNG BOY!
LEURA.. NO! IT WOULD BE BETTER TO KEEP THESE TWO ALIVE... AND USE THEM IN EXCHANGE FOR CRYSTONE!
PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, KOORC. PUT THEM IN A CELL FOR NOW!
LATER
GEE, FLINT... HERE WE ARE WITHOUT WEAPONS.. THEY TOOK EVERYTHING!
NOT QUITE, HERC. THIS ACID BUTTON SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
FREE! I'LL TRY AND GET TO THE SHIP. THE OUTER ROOM IS EMPTY NOW! WAIT HERE, AND IF I'M CAUGHT, DO AS I TOLD YOU!
SUDDENLY
WHA-WHAT?
AH! LEURA WAS RIGHT. HE DID TRY TO ESCAPE. THE LEC TO BEAMS BLIND HIM!
4


FOOL! NOW YOU KNOW HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO TRICK LEURA! I SHOULD HAVE HAD YOU PLACED IN A PARA-VACUUM BEFORE AND NOW
MY EYES!
THE PARA-RAY WILL KEEP YOU STILL FOR A WHILE, UNTIL I CONTACT YOUR PLANET AND ARRANGE A RANSOM OF CRYSTONE
WHAT?
SO! THE LITTLE ONE COMES TO THE AID OF HIS FRIEND... PERHAPS YOU TOO NEED THE PARA-RAY!
NO! WAIT! I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU! PLEASE!
O-OH! HOPE FLINT'S PLAN WORKS
WE HAVE A BOX OF CRYSTONE CONCENTRATE ON BOARD THE SPACER... I'LL TRADE IT TO YOU IF YOU SPARE FLINT'S LIFE!
VERY WELL! BUT DO NOT THINK YOU CAN USE THE SHIP ONLY MY DEATH CAN RELEASE ITS MOTORS!
SOON IN THE SPACER
GOOD! THIS THSIL CONCENTRATE THAT PRODUCES COLD LIGHT OUGHT TO TURN THE TABLES NOW TO SWITCH LABELS
AH! I WAS RIGHT... THAT LITTLE PEST'S UP TO SOMETHING!
THSIL
CRYSTONE
BOY! I CAN SEE THOSE COPPER SKINS WHEN THESE THSIL RAYS HIT THEM.. THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING AND I...
WHAT? YOU... KOORC!
YES! NOW GIVE ME THAT BOX... AND, DO NOT MOVE OR...
.. I'LL.. HUH? WHA.. STOP!
GANGWAY! I ONLY HOPE THAT PARA-RAY IS WEARING OFF ON FLINT... GOTTA WORK PLENTY FAST

THEN..
QUICK... GIVE IT TO ME I'LL PLACE IT IN THE RAY MACHINE ALREADY OUR COPPER SKINS ARE BLACKENING!
SNAP OUT OF IT, FLINT! I DID AS YOU SAID.. SHE'S PUTTING THE THOIL IN THE CRYSTONE MACHINE NOW!
H-HUH?
STOP, LEURA! YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED!
O-OH! GOTTA STOP KOORC!
NICE GOING, FLINT! THAT ACID WILL FIX HIM. LOOK! SHE'S TURNED ON THE RAY MACHINE!
AHHH! THAT WAS NOT CRYSTONE STOP THE MACHINE IT'S THOIL.. WE'LL FREEZE!
TOO LATE! I AM STONE I-I.. AHH!
C'MON, HERC.. TO THE SHIP.. WHEN SHE DIES WE'LL BE FREE!
BOOM...
THAT DOES IT, HERC.. NOW WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHERE THE BLACK PLANET BELONGS ON THE NEW SPACE MAP! BACK TO TERRA, ALL ROCKETS ON FULL!

SPACE RANGERS APPEAR IN EVERY PLANET COMICS!

PLANETS FOR SALE

By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

"MAKE me a planet. I'd like it in galaxy Y-43 or perhaps M-82 would do. Have it, say, 2000 miles in diameter, not too large. It's for the Zenor people on Mercury, so have the climate fairly warm. They're used to plenty of heat. You see, the Actam sector of Mercury is becoming overpopulated, and the Department of Planet Building has voted them a new world.

"Oh, by the way, I'd like to have lots of Terb plants and Gorb trees growing there. The Zenorites love Terb pears and Gorb nuts. Also have numerous Tako Tiger herds for them. I had the most delicious Tako steak the last time I was in a Zenor restaurant. They cook it superbly. Check with the Actam sector chief on Mercury for any other items the Zenorites are used to and include them on the planet."

The Adviser Scientist jotted a few notes, nodded to his Council superior and disappeared through a door with the words "Planet Design" carefully lettered on its center panel. Soon space architects received detailed orders and began work. Chemo-biologists dug through their files for plant formulas and life germs. Galaxy blasters mixed energy explosives. Space ships warmed up and soon . . .

* * *

Impossible idea? Insane notion? Wait now. Hold back your chuckles and let's look at the matter closely. If atomic bombs leave us near the brink of world destruction now, may we not be on the brink of creating entirely new worlds in the future? May not good be the answer to apparent evil?

Before we examine the possibilities of man-made planets, it might be instructive to consider the old-fashioned method of planet creation. Planets have been in the making since time began. In the outer reaches of the universe they are evolving at this very moment. Our own world was but a step in this age-old process. How did our earth begin?

First, we were imbedded in the sun. All nine planets known to our solar system were once great globs of molten matter that formed a part of the sun's surface. It wouldn't have been called a sun then. It was a galaxy in embryo form. This seething mass of erupting gasses and exploding atoms was somehow disrupted from its solitary existence. The great explosions became more violent. Long streamers of flaming gas and white-hot metals spun into space.

As the turning sun whirled on its axis, the great streamers flew out in curving paths like sparks from a Fourth of July pinwheel. Farther and farther they stretched. Then gargantuan hunks of liquid matter were hurled into space. Out they flew into the void around the mother sun. But the terrific tug of gravity from the sun gradually slowed them down. And then, depending on their weight and the force with which they had been flung loose, the molten globes settled at a determined distance. Held by centrifugal force, the hot spheres began circling the sun in enormous orbits.

Our earth was one such sphere. Eons of time passed and the baby planet started to cool. A crust formed. Hissing steam condensed into oceans. Heat and oxygen gave birth to one-celled, sub-microscopic organisms. And thus the long history of evolution got under way.

Astronomers, gazing through the telescopes of our present-day laboratories, have spotted unborn galaxies in outer space. They can see

others giving birth to a brood of planets. Still others have just finished spewing out new globes.

Now for the problem of planet creation by man. The secret rests with the unborn galaxies. Left to their own devices, these boiling suns take untold millions of years to release their hidden children. Not until some inner force disturbs their existence will they sling forth parts of their substance. Is it possible for man to create this motivating force?

There is startling power available to man even now in the first, crude forms of atomic energy available to us in the atomic bomb. It has been estimated that the heat energy developed at the core of an atom bomb at the precise moment of explosion is hotter than the hottest areas found on our sun. Would not groups of super-atomic bombs be able to rout a quiet future galaxy from its apathy and begin the furious disturbance that starts the life of new planets? It is not inconceivable. Let us go back to our Adviser Scientist working on a new world for the Zenorites of Mercury and see how he plans to create an earth for them . . .

* * *

A squadron of planet-makers gets underway for galaxy Y-43. The space ships are especially equipped with long range blaster guns. These will hurl the energy explosives with deadly accuracy toward a predetermined spot on the galaxy. The space ships cannot approach too closely as the heat becomes unbearable.

The ships come into range.

"Let go Blast One. Steady. Keep in the marked area. Be sure the scope circle is small. This planet can't be too large"

Spouting columns of fire rise on the surface of the bubbling sun. Waves of scalding liquid ripple from the blast center. Instruments on the space ships check for accuracy and effects of the explosions.

"Let go Blast Two. Turn the energo-meters down low. The globe mustn't fly off too rapidly. The planet is going to revolve fairly close to its sun. The Zenorites must have their balmy weather."

The second volley of super-explosives zips toward the galaxy. Fiery upheavals sear the burning globe. Long tales of liquid matter stream out into space. The scientists record their length and measure the heat output.

"It's almost ready to let go. Fire only one set of small blasters at the base of the big streamer. I think we've got it!"

A sharp report and another bomb cluster heads into the ruffled sun. The heat becomes stronger and the space ships move outward, away from the blazing temperatures. The streamer gropes farther from the galaxy, then breaks and hurtles into the outer void. The planet-makers gauge its speed and chart its path.

"Excellent. Made to order. Every specification checks. Head for home and we'll report to the bio-chemists."

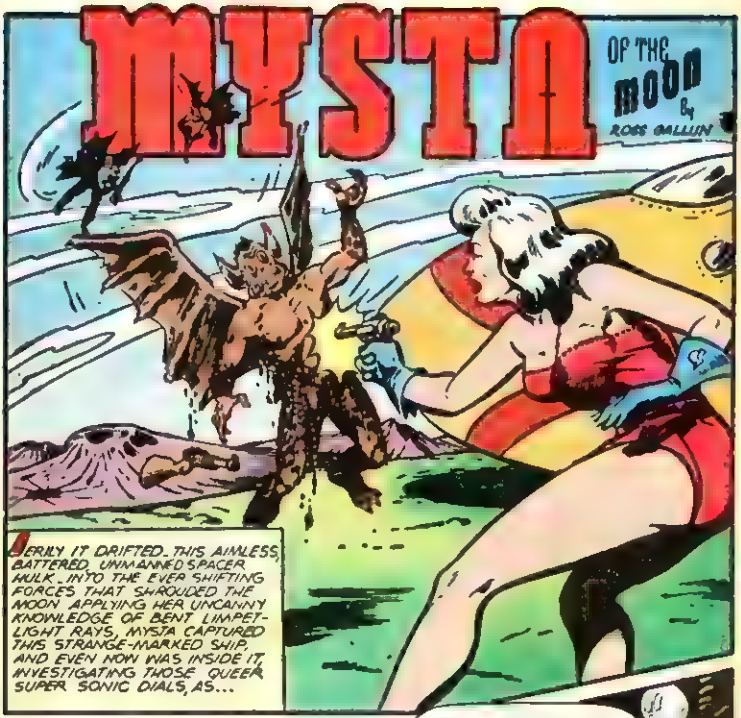
A planet is born. A new, glowing orb spins in the heavens. The space ships return to their hangars. The scientists can tell the Zenorites that their world will soon be ready for occupancy. But further attention is necessary before the baby globe is livable.

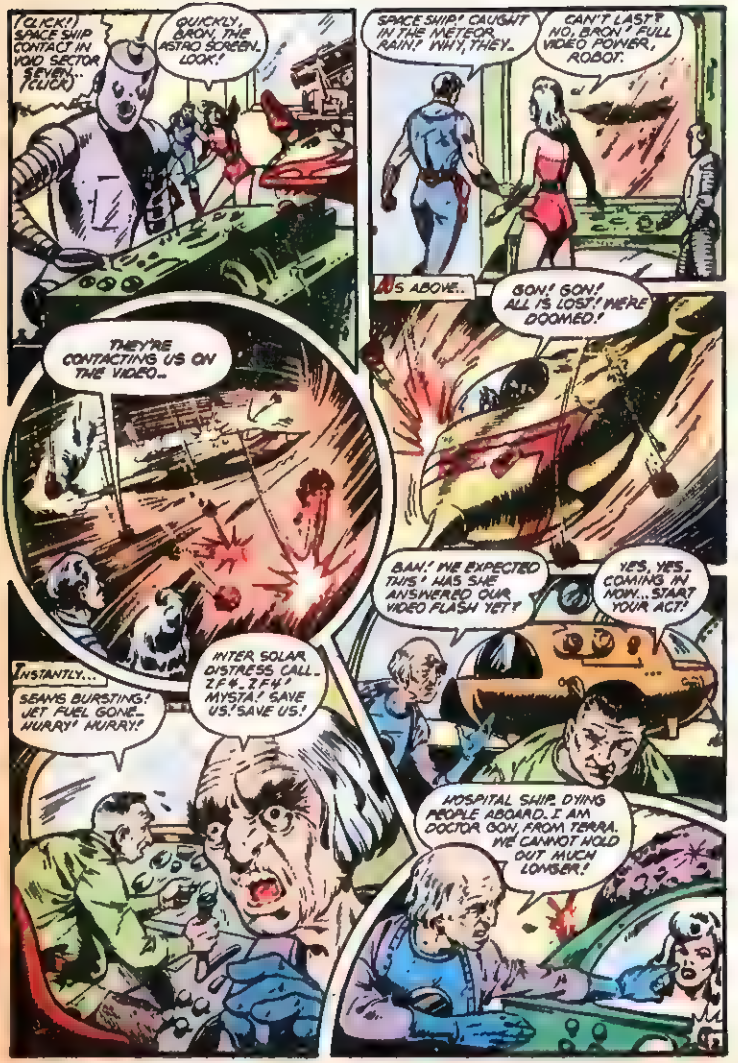
Tons of refrigo-pellets are dumped on the planet to hasten its cooling. Carefully the scientists watch for the first crust to form. As the hard surface of land becomes visible, the bio-chemists begin their flight to the planet. Before the first forms of life have had a chance to grow, they hurl pile after pile of germ-cell chemicals over the surface. Thus life is determined on the new addition to the universe before it has an opportunity to begin from natural causes. The Zenorites are assured of their Terb plants and Tako Tigers.

Thus a planet sprouts in the sky—a new home, a new world where new lives can begin. Man creates a made-to-order earth for himself. And perhaps it will be a better earth than the worlds of the present—a happier world, free from evil and strife.

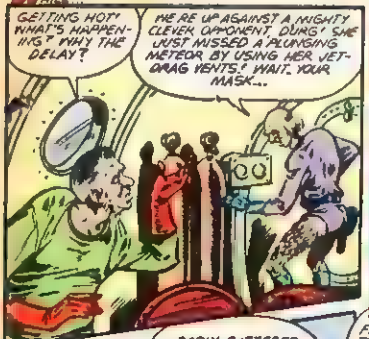
MYSTA OF THE MOON

By ROSS ANDRU

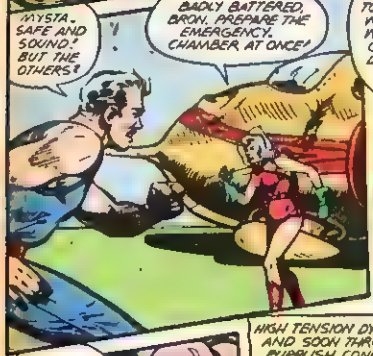

EERILY IT DRIFTED. THIS AIMLESS, BATTERED, UNMANNED SPACER HULK. INTO THE EVER SHIFTING FORCES THAT SHROUDED THE MOON APPLYING HER UNCANNY KNOWLEDGE OF BENT LIMPET-LIGHT RAYS, MYSTA CAPTURED THIS STRANGE-MARKED SHIP, AND EVEN NOW WAS INSIDE IT, INVESTIGATING THOSE QUEER SUPER SONIC DIALS, AS...
CAREFUL, MYSTA, YOU MIGHT SET SOMETHING OFF!
NO, BRON, THIS IS ONLY A VOLUMIC REGULATOR— NOT THE ACTIVATOR BUT IT IS AMAZING..
THIS MASTER SHIP WAS CONCEIVED BY DIABOLICAL MINDS. USING A KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE THAT FAR SURPASSES MY OWN!
(CLICK!) WARNING FLASHES ON ASTROSCOPE. (CLICK!)

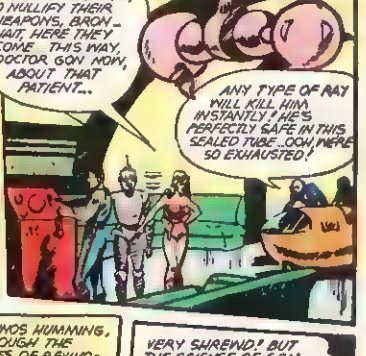

(CLICK!) SPACE SHIP CONTACT IN YOU SECTOR SEVEN... (CLICK)
QUICKLY, BARON, THE ASTRO SCREEN. LOOK!
SPACE SHIP! CAUGHT IN THE METEOR RAIN! WHY, THEY..
CAN'T LAST? NO, BRON! FULL VIDEO POWER, ROBOT.
AS ABOVE..
SON! SON! ALL IS LOST! WE'RE DOOMED!
THEY'RE CONTACTING US ON THE VIDEO..
BAN! WE EXPECTED THIS! HAS SHE ANSWERED OUR VIDEO FLASH YET?
YES, YES, COMING IN NOW... STAR? YOUR ACT!
INSTANTLY...
SEAMS BURSTING! JET FUEL GONE.. HURRY! HURRY!
INTER SOLAR DISTRESS CALL.. ZF4..ZF4! MYSTA! SAVE US! SAVE US!
HOSPITAL SHIP. DYING PEOPLE ABOARD. I AM DOCTOR SON, FROM TERRA. WE CANNOT HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

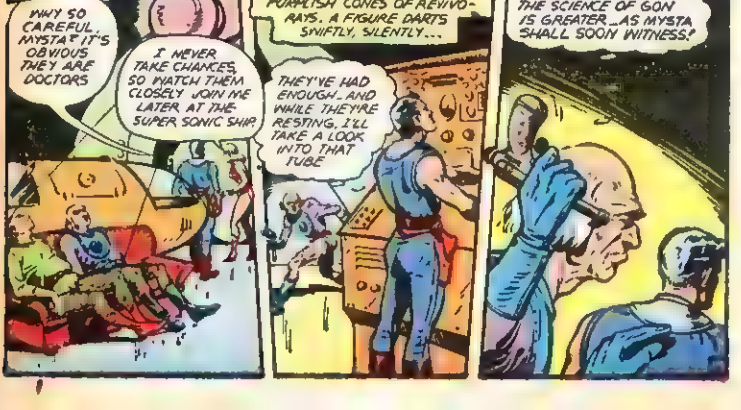
I WOULDN'T ORDINARILY DO THIS, BUT THEY HAVE DRIFTED FAR OFF THEIR COURSE! HURRY, MY PLASTO-BELL!
SET LIFT CONTROLS FOR UPPER VOID SECTOR SEVEN, ROBOT. I'LL TRY TO PICK THEM UP IN THIS COSMO-SCOPE.
BRON, I SEE THEIR SHIP! DEPRESS LEVER FIVE Z-TIME IT FOR TEN SEKOS THEN RETURN TO POSITION NORM. HAVE YOU GOT THAT?
GOT TO GET TO THE VIDEO FOR MYSTA'S INSTRUCTIONS.
SHE'D BETTER WORK FAST! METEORS WILL BE GETTING THROUGH THAT SPLIT. TEN SEKOS...ONE, TWO, THREE...
GREAT SCOTT! FORCE FIELD'S CRACKING OPEN JUST WIDE ENOUGH TO LET MYSTA OUT!
GOOD! MY ATTRACTO RAY'S CLAMPING TIGHT TO THE HULL. REVERSE CONTROLS, ROBOT!
WE HAVE TO GET BACK BEFORE BRON COUNTS TEN. ROBOT, THAT METEOR, PLUNGING TOWARD US!

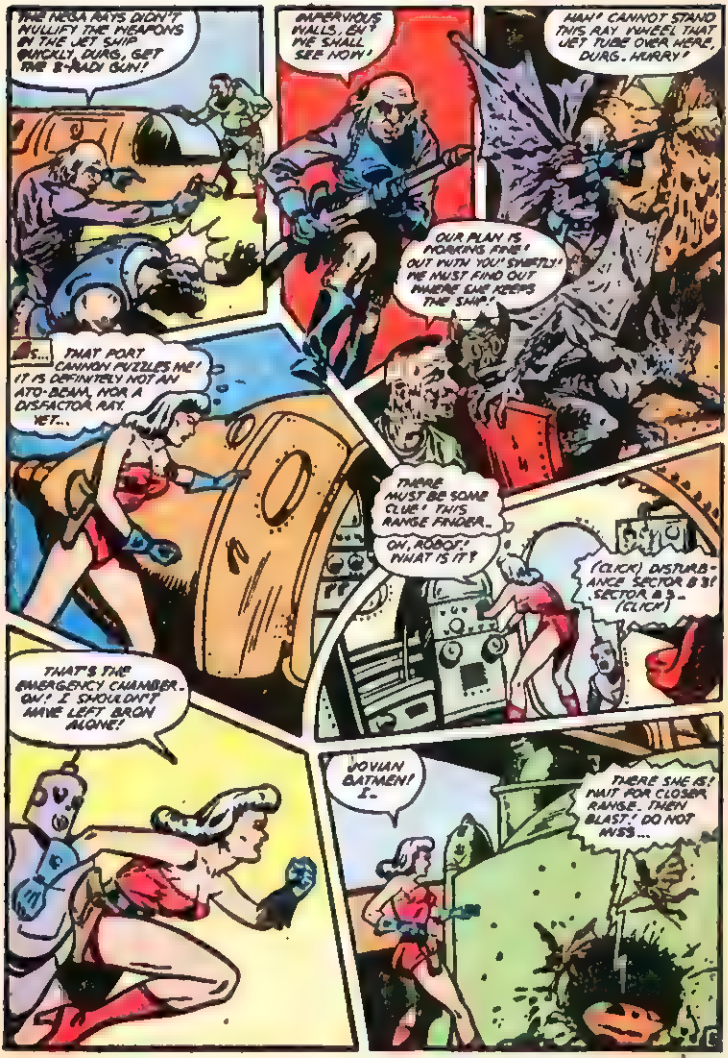

GETTING HOT! WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY THE DELAY?
WE'RE UP AGAINST A MIGHTY CLEVER OPPONENT, DUNG! SHE JUST MISSED A PLUNGING METEOR BY USING HER JET-DRAG VENTS! WAIT. YOUR MASK...

STARTING TO SLIP FROM ALL THAT KNOCKING AROUND— THERE KEEP IT IN PLACE. LOOK! WE'RE LANDING

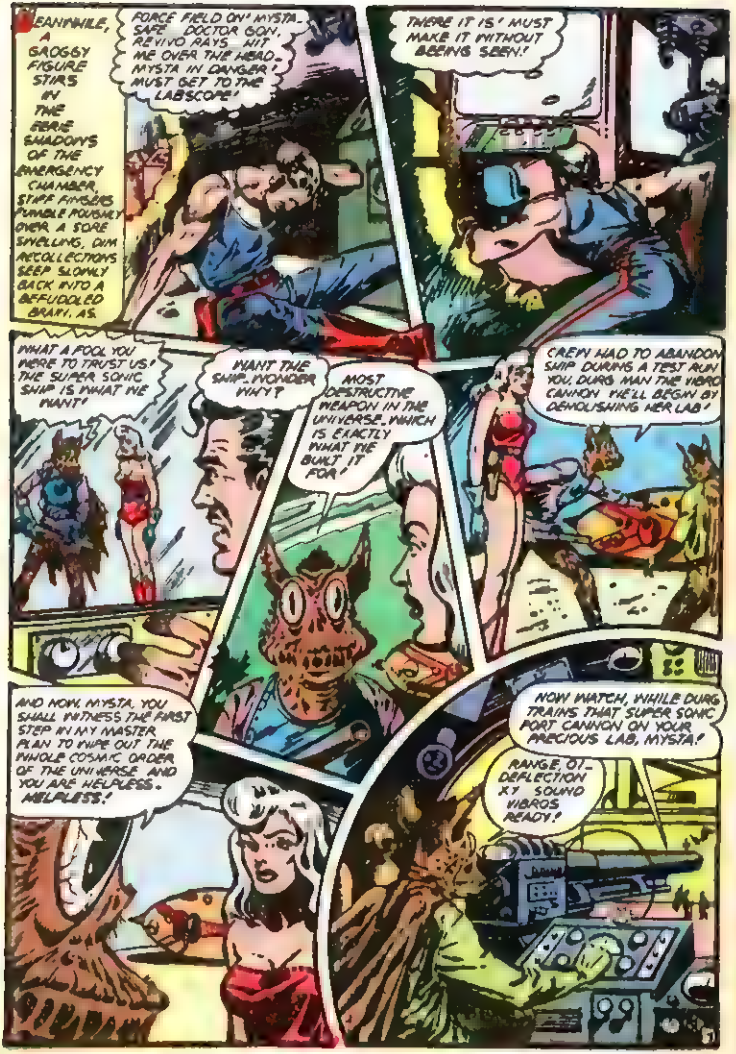

MYSTA. SAFE AND SOUND! BUT THE OTHERS!
BADLY BATTERED, BRON. PREPARE THE EMERGENCY CHAMBER AT ONCE!


SOON..
FIRST THE NEGA RAY, TO NULLIFY THEIR WEAPONS, BRON... WAIT. HERE THEY COME THIS WAY. DOCTOR GON NOW, ABOUT THAT PATIENT...
ANY TYPE OF RAY WILL KILL HIM INSTANTLY! HE'S PERFECTLY SAFE IN THIS SEALED TUBE..OOH, WE'RE SO EXHAUSTED!


WHY SO CAREFUL, MYSTA? IT'S OBVIOUS THEY ARE DOCTORS
I NEVER TAKE CHANCES, SO WATCH THEM CLOSELY JON ME LATER AT THE SUPER SONIC SHIP
HIGH TENSION DYNOS HUMMING, AND SOON THROUGH THE PURPLISH CONES OF REVIVO-RAYS, A FIGURE DARTS SWIFTLY, SILENTLY...
THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH. AND WHILE THEY'RE RESTING, I'LL TAKE A LOOK INTO THAT TUBE
VERY SHREWD! BUT THE SCIENCE OF GON IS GREATER...AS MYSTA SHALL SOON WITNESS!

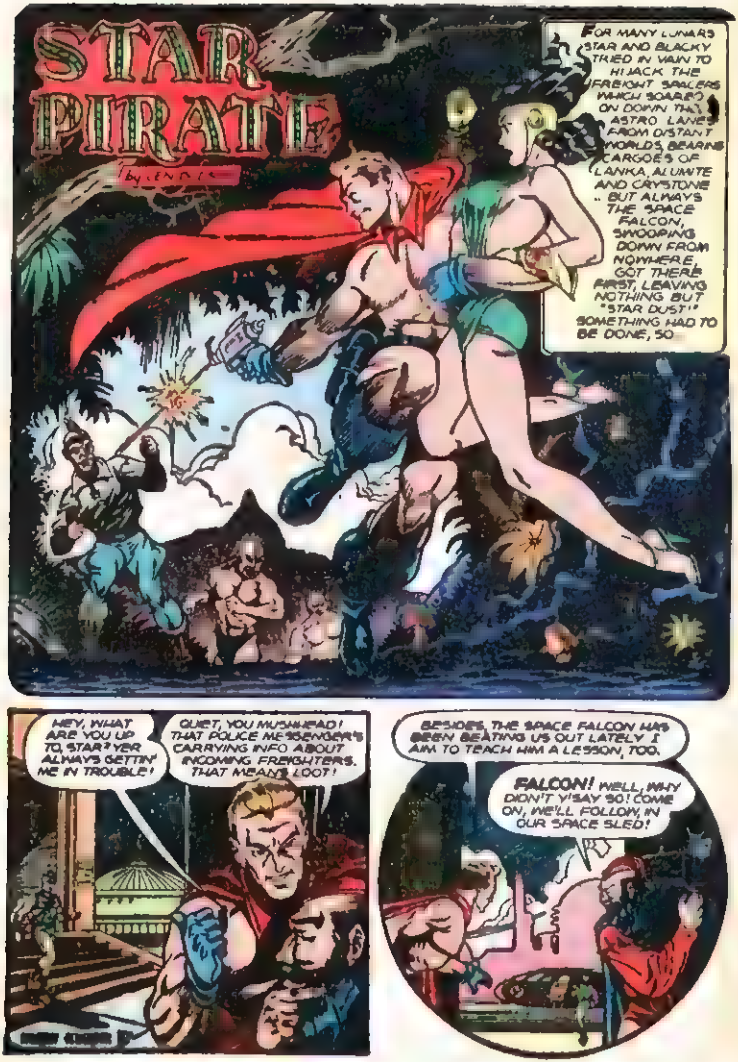

THE NEGA RAYS DIDN'T NULLIFY THE WEAPONS IN THE JET SHIP QUICKLY, DURG, GET THE X-RAY GUN!
IMPERVIOUS WALLS, EH? WE SHALL SEE NOW!
MAN! CANNOT STAND THIS RAY HEREE! THAT JET TUBE OVER HERE, DURG. HURRY!
OUR PLAN IS WORKING, ARE! OUT WITH YOU! SWIFTLY! WE MUST FIND OUT WHERE SHE KEEPS THE SHIP!
S... THAT PORT CANNON PUZZLES ME! IT IS DEFINITELY NOT AN ATO-BEAM, NOR A DISFACTOR RAY, YET...
THERE MUST BE SOME CLUE! THIS RANGE FINDER..
OH, ROBOT! WHAT IS IT?
(CLICK) DISTURBANCE SECTOR B 3! SECTOR B 3 - (CLICH)
THAT'S THE EMERGENCY CHAMBER. OH! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT BRON ALONE!
JOVIAN BATMEN! I-
THERE SHE IS! WAIT FOR CLOSER RANGE. THEN BLAST! DO NOT MISS...

GGAAHH! A LITTLE CLOSER.
THEY'RE BEING CONTROLLED BY SOMEONE IN THE TUBE. MY DIS-GUN...
THERE! STARTING TO DISINTEGRATE WAIT. THE OTHER ONE..
GOT HIM! BUT THAT TUBE..IT'S A SMALL JET SHIP.
SHE KILLED THEM BOTH, GON! WHAT NOW?
KEEP CIRCLING! I'LL FLY DOWN AND TAKE CARE OF HER HAND ME THE PARA BEAM
DIS-RAYS USELESS AGAINST THE SHIP! QUICKLY ROBOT, GO TO THE LAB. SWITCH ON FULL FORCE FOR TRACTION BEAM.
{CLICK} {FULL FORCE FOR TRACTION BEAM! {CLICK}
WHAT! SPRAYING ME WITH A PARALYSIS RAY!...I..I CAN'T MOVE.
NOW, MYSTA. YOU ARE FINISHED!
AND YOUR METAL SERVANT, AS WELL!
DRAG PLATES OUT. COMING IN FOR LANDING!


MEANWHILE, A GROGGY FIGURE STIRS IN THE EERIE SHADOWS OF THE EMERGENCY CHAMBER. STIFF FINGERS FUMBLE PAINFULLY OVER A SORE SKULL. DIM RECOLLECTIONS SEEP SLOWLY BACK INTO A BEFUDDLED BRAIN. AS.
FORCE FIELD ON! MYSTA-SAFE DOCTOR GON, REVIVO RAYS, HIT ME OVER THE HEAD- MYSTA IN DANGER MUST GET TO THE LABSCOPE!
THERE IT IS! I MUST MAKE IT WITHOUT BEING SEEN!
CREW HAD TO ABANDON SHIP DURING A TEST RUN, YOU, DURG, MAN THE VIBRO CANNON. WE'LL BEGIN BY DEMOLISHING HER LAB!
MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON IN THE UNIVERSE... WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT WE BUILT IT FOR!
I WANT THE SHIP... I WONDER WHY?
WHAT A FOOL YOU WERE TO TRUST US! THE SUPER SONIC SHIP IS WHAT WE WANT!
NOW WATCH, WHILE DURG TRAINS THAT SUPER SONIC PORT CANNON ON YOUR PRECIOUS LAB, MYSTA!
RANGE, 01- DEFLECTION X-7 SOUND VIBROS READY!
AND NOW, MYSTA, YOU SHALL WITNESS THE FIRST STEP IN MY MASTER PLAN TO WIPE OUT THE WHOLE COSMIC ORDER OF THE UNIVERSE AND YOU ARE HELPLESS. HELPLESS!

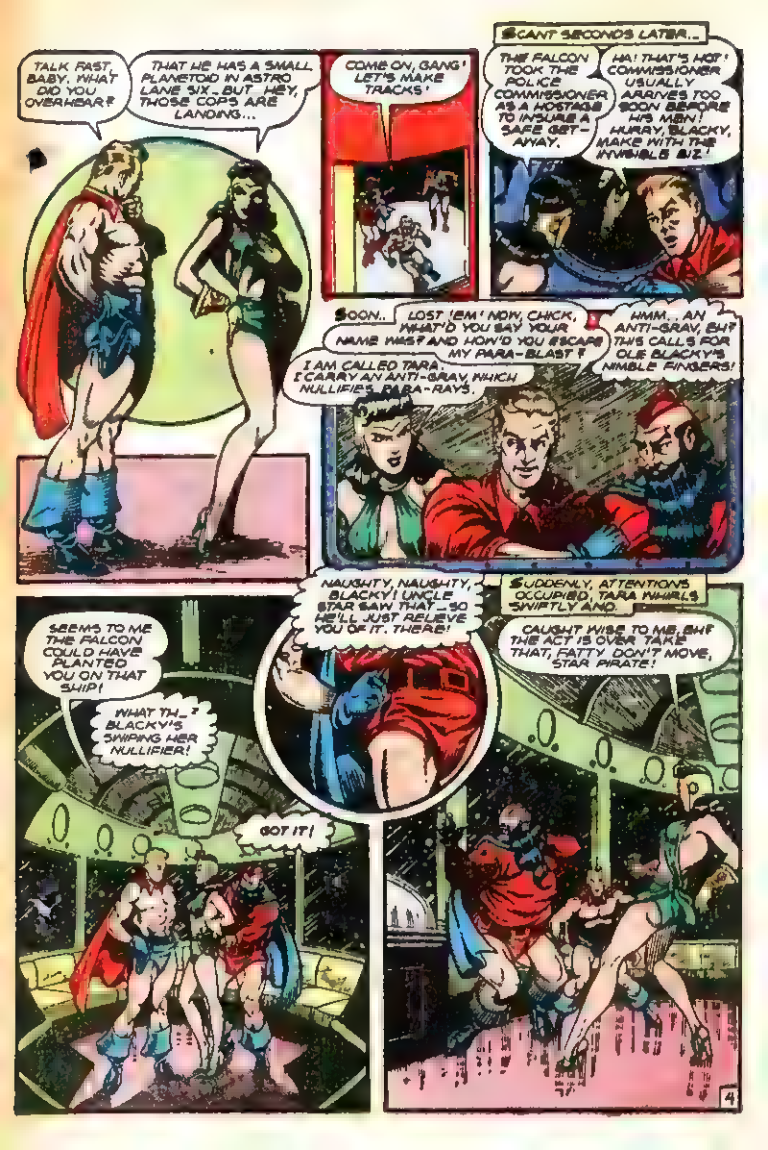
BUT AT THAT MOMENT...
ONE CHANCE! RELEASE FORCE FIELD TWO ERG-SEKOS... THERE! IT'S IN...NOW CONTROL LEVER AT 45 TEKULS...HOPE I'M RIGHT!
AS OUTSIDE...
DURG! DURG! GET OUT QUICKLY...METEOR CRASHING...
DEAFENING EXPLOSION, A BLINDING, BLUE FLASH, AND...
TOO LATE! ALL IS LOST! BUT YOU, MYSTA, YOU'LL NEVER REVIVE FROM THE TRANCE. FOR NOW I'M GOING TO KILL YOU! KILL YOU!
SHOCK BROUGHT ME TO! MUST GET THAT GUN..
SWIFTLY...
SWITCHED ON THIS DISFACTOR RAY! THERE, DOCTOR GON, THAT WILL DISCOURAGE YOU FROM MAKING ANY ATTACK ON THE UNIVERSE-PERMANENTLY!
BRON! HURRY...
THAT METEOR I LET THROUGH...IT NICKED A SIDE OF THE LAB-BUT...
NO MATTER, BRON. THE REPAIRS WILL BE EASY ENOUGH I WISH TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON THE METEOR LORE I TAUGHT YOU IT SAVED THE UNIVERSE!

MYSTA OF THE MOON-IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!


STAR PIRATE
by ENDE
FOR MANY LUNARS STAR AND BLACKY TRIED IN VAIN TO HIJACK THE FREIGHT HAULERS MARCH SOARED ON DOWN THE ASTRO LANES FROM DISTANT WORLDS, BEARING CARGOES OF LANKA, ALUMITE AND CRYSTONE .. BUT ALWAYS THE SPACE FALCON, SWOOPING DOWN FROM NOWHERE, GOT THERE FIRST, LEAVING NOTHING BUT "STAR DUST!" SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE, SO
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, STAR? YER ALWAYS GETTIN' ME IN TROUBLE!
QUIET, YOU MUSHHEAD! THAT POLICE MESSENGER'S CARRYING INFO ABOUT INCOMING FREIGHTERS. THAT MEANS LOOT!
BESIDES, THE SPACE FALCON HAS BEEN BEATING US OUT LATELY. I AIM TO TEACH HIM A LESSON, TOO.
FALCON! WELL, WHY DIDN'T YISAY SO! COME ON, WE'LL FOLLOW IN OUR SPACE SLED!

THERE HE GOES! SNAP ON THAT TRACTO RAY AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
RIGHTO, STAR, ME LAD!
GOT 'EM!
GOOD! FORCE IT DOWN ON THAT SPACE FIELD
OKAY, PAL, GRAB AIR! I'LL TAKE THAT MESSAGE. KEEP HIM COVERED, BLACKY
STAR PIRATE, EH? YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'M THE LAW!
WOW! DID I SAY FREIGHTERS? A GAMBLING SHIP UP IN ASTRO LANE TEN JUST WAITING, WAITING FOR US.
WELL HURRY, IF Y'WANT TO BEAT THE FALCON!
HEAD FOR OUR INVISIBLE SHIP, BLACKY, AND WE'RE OFF
FOOLS! THE SPACE PATROL COMMISSIONER'S ALREADY UP THERE HE'LL GET 'EM!
HATCHWAY'S OPEN RUN HER IN!
CHECK, STAR!
SOME TIME LATER...
ATTENTION! ALL SPACE PATROLS BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR STAR PIRATE! HE HELD UP POLICE MESSENGER REWARD!
LISTEN TO THIS, STAR.
I HEAR HIM! BOY, THAT INFO WAS HOT! WE'LL KNOCK THAT GAMBLING SHIP OFF BEFORE THEY BLAST AWAY, AND WE'LL BEAT THE FALCON, TOO!

THERE'S THE GAMBLING SHIP! SWING AROUND FOR A PARA-BLAST, QUICKLY!
PRETTY AS A SITTING DUCK! PULL VORTEX POWER, SWITCH ON... OKAY!
JUMPIN' PLANETOIDS! AIN'T SHE PRETTY!
LOOK AT 'EM! ALL LINED UP LIKE ROWS OF CORN! BUT THAT'S STRANGE..!
RIGHT ON THE BUTTON, BLACKY! COME ON, LET'S BOARD THAT TANK!
SEEMS EMPTY, KINDA. NOT A CREDIT OR GEM IN SIGHT! THE FALCON'S BEAT US AGAIN... BLAST HIM!!
UH, UH! ME FER THAT! WHAT!! SHE'S..SHE'S MOVIN'!
OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! YOU'RE RIGHT, THE FALCON WAS HERE.
ROTTEN CROOK! BUT LOOK... THAT BABE..
AH! WHEN YOU HEAR THE COINS JINGLE STAR PIRATE IS NOT FAR AWAY! THE FALCON WAS RIGHT, BUT NOW FOR MY ACT...
HEY! Y-YOU'RE SUPPOSED T'BE PARALYZED..
I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T KNOW, BUT I OVERHEARD WHERE HIS HIDEOUT IS
FALCON'S HIDE-OUT!! WAIT! COPS ON THE VIZIO!
3


TALK FAST, BABY. WHAT DID YOU OVERHEAR?
THAT HE HAS A SMALL PLANETOID IN ASTRO LANE SIX - BUT HEY, THOSE COPS ARE LANDING...
COME ON, GANG! LET'S MAKE TRACKS!
SCANT SECONDS LATER..
THE FALCON TOOK THE POLICE COMMISSIONER AS A HOSTAGE TO INSURE A SAFE GET-AWAY.
HA! THAT'S HOT! COMMISSIONER USUALLY ARRIVES TOO SOON BEFORE HIS MEN! HURRY, BLACKY, MAKE WITH THE INVISIBLE BIZ!
SOON..
LOST 'EM! NOW, CHICK, WHAT'D YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS? AND HOW'D YOU ESCAPE MY PARA-BLAST?
I AM CALLED TARA. I CARRY AN ANTI-GRAV WHICH NULLIFIES PARA-RAYS.
HMM.. AN ANTI-GRAV, EH? THIS CALLS FOR OLE BLACKY'S NIMBLE FINGERS!
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, BLACKY! UNCLE STAR SAW THAT - SO HE'LL JUST RELIEVE YOU OF IT. THERE!
SUDDENLY, ATTENTION OCCUPIED, TARA WHIRLS SWIFTLY AND..
CAUGHT WISE TO ME, EH? THE ACT IS OVER TAKE THAT, FATTY. DON'T MOVE, STAR PIRATE!
SEEMS TO ME THE FALCON COULD HAVE PLANTED YOU ON THAT SHIP!
WHAT TH..? BLACKY'S SWIPING HER NULLIFIER!
GOT IT!
4

SORRY, HONEY, BUT STAR'S A BIT FASTER WITH THE BLASTER!
OHH!
YOU BIG LUG! I'LL..
QUIT STALLING AND GIVE ME THE SHAKE! I KNEW YOU WORKED FOR THE FALCON BY THAT SIGNET RING!
YOU DON'T THINK I'D WORK FOR HIM, DO YOU? HERE.. LOOK CLOSER. SEE.. AN OLD FAMILY HEIRLOOM!
W-WHAT? HYPNO-RAY! GOT TO.. TRY AND.. OHH!
AH, OUT OF THE PICTURE.. NOW TO GET TO THE CONTROLS AND THE VIZIO!
THERE YOU ARE, FALCON! OUR PLAN TO TRAP STAR PIRATE WENT FINE.. UNTIL THEY GOT WISE! I HAD TO SLIP THEM A HEAT RAY
BUT YOU HAVE GOT THEM! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS, MY DEAR. IT WILL BE PLEASANT TO SEE MY OLD ENEMY, STAR PIRATE, SQUIRM. COME IN ON TRACTO BEAM FOUR
RIGHT! I'LL BE HOME IN A JET-FLASH!
TUT, TUT, COMMISSIONER. THIS SHOULD BE A LESSON NOT TO ARRIVE ON THE SCENE UNPROTECTED WITHOUT YOUR STOOGES. YOU'VE MADE A FINE HOSTAGE.. ENABLING ME TO CRASH THE PATROL LINES. BUT THAT'S OVER
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, FALCON!
TAKE HIM AWAY, LARO!

SOON...
WELL, WELL - IF IT ISN'T THE FALCON! NICE HAUL YOU MADE.
TSK, TSK! SAME AS EVER. ALWAYS THINKING OF LOOT! AND JUST TO SHOW YOU I'M A SPORT - LET STAR FREE, LARO...
NOW GIVE HIM THE LOOT BOX!
HA! JUST A GAG TO SEE WHAT HE DOES WITH IT!
CAREFUL, FALCON, HE'S TRICKY!
TOO BAD, FALCON. I THOUGHT YOU KNEW ABOUT MY BOOTS! BYE, BYE!
BYE, BYE HE SAYS. HAH!
NICE TO HAVE YOU DROP IN ON US AGAIN! MY ANTI-GRAV RAY IS A STRONG PERSUADER, NO?
WHAT THE! BLASTED BOOTS ARE USELESS!
AND SO ARE YOU, STAR PIRATE! TAKE THE LOOT BOX, LARO, AND SLAP HIM INTO THE FORCE CELL WITH HIS PAL AND THE COMMISH!
LATER...
STAR PIRATE, I'VE NO LOVE FOR YOU - BUT FREE ME, AND I'LL GRANT YOU... ER, SPACE IMMUNITY!
FREE YOU? EVEN I CAN'T BUDGE FROM THE FORCE-GRAV PLATE! BUT LOOK!
COME ALONG, COMMISSIONER! I WANT TO QUIZ YOU ABOUT THE SPACE POLICE NETS.
MY BOOTS ARE USELESS. BUT WAIT!! WHAT'S THIS?
6

TARA'S LITTLE ANTI-GRAV GADGET! IT WORKS! HURRY, SLOWPOKE, WE HAVE TO SAVE THE COMMISH!
STAR, DON'T FALL FOR THAT GOO FROM THE FLAT FOOT, PULEEZE! I DON'T TRUST HIM!
PASTE 'IM, COMMISH! FOLLOW US TO THE SPACE SHIP. HURRY!
HELP! HE BREAKS FREE! TARA! LARO!
ONE LOOSE THREAD, STAR! YOU! NOW TURN THE SHIP, AND HEAD STRAIGHT FOR SPACE PATROL HQ! HAH! AT LAST!
I TOLD YUH, STAR! I TOLD YUH!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID - OH, WELL, WHY ARGUE WITH A LOUSE!
AS ABOVE...
SWIFT SECONDS LATER...
THEY'RE TAKING OFF! BLAST 'EM! NO ONE EVER ESCAPES THE FALCON!
FLICK ON THAT ATO-RAY, BLACKY! THERE - THAT FINISHES THE FALCON AND HIS BROOD!
SUDDENLY...
QUICK, BLACKY! THE ROCKO-RELEASE FOR THE SPACE SLED!
HELP!
RIGHTO, STAR! AND THAR HE BLOWS!
GOOD! THE SPACE PATROL WILL PICK HIM UP, WHILE WE HEAD FOR CALLISTO!
PHOOEY! ALL THAT TROUBLE FER NOTHIN'!
NOTHING BUT THE GAMBLING SPARER'S LOOT WHICH I REMOVED FROM THE BOX WHEN THE FALCON FORCED ME DOWN WITH HIS ANTI-GRAV MACHINE! MY CAPE HID MY HANDS. SEE?
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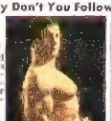

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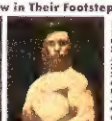

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